THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1882. NUMBER 13.

"Ask Not Too Much."

Oh! ask thou not too much of Love,
Which, like the heart's ease, often grows
On barren rocks, our sight to cheer,
And bring us gladness 'mid our woes!

Ask thou of Friendship not too much,
For, as the nightingale doth sing
In summer time, when winter comes
It, too, alas! oft taketh wing!

And ask thou not too much of Life,
Which from its source flows clear and free,
E'en as the streamlet, and whose waves
Rush turbid to Eternity!

The American Song.

What song shall America sing,
Young heir of the elder world,
Whose knee ne'er bent to a tyrant king,
Whose banner defeated ne'er furled?
A song for the brave and the free,
No echo of ancient rhyme,
But a shout of hope for the day to be,
The light of the coming time.

From the dark lowlands of the past,
Swelling loud o'er the victims cries,
The hero's shout sweeps up the blast,
Where wounded Freedom dies.
The drum's dull beat and the trumpet's blare,
From the far-off years are heard;
But the paean of kings is man's despair,
And the hope of the world deferred.

'Tis the song of the free we sing,
Of a good time not yet born,
Where each man of himself is king;
Of a day whose gladsome morn
Shall see the earth beneath our feet
And a fair sky overhead;
Where those now sad shall find life sweet,
And none shall hunger for bread.

Sing then our American song;
'Tis no boast of triumphs won
At the price of another's wrong,
Or of foul deeds foully done.
We fight for the wide world's right,
To enlarge life's scope and plan,
To flood the earth with hope and light,
To build the Kingdom of Man.

—*Rev. M. J. Savage.*

WON AT LAST.

"I know perfectly well it's horrible; but I do get so tired of Stephen's perpetual goodness! If he would only treat me to a few scenes once in a while, Mary, I do believe I might almost fall in love with him. Oh, no, of course I don't mean that;" and Winnie Mowatt's olive cheeks grew crimson as she spoke. Mary Mowatt, an elder sister by some eight years or more, and who, in her virtue of her seniority, was occupied in putting pretty Winnie's room in order, smiled rather oddly as she replied:

"I quite agree with you. The love is still in the future."

"Do you know, Mary, I wish Stephen had a mustache, whiskers, beard, anything? But that close-cut face, severely clerical cassock, and all, will drive me wild;" and tears of vexation stood in Winnie's brown eyes. "I don't think we are suited to each other at all—do you?'

"I suppose he might cultivate a mustache—no, whiskers, that's more clerical—if you only mentioned the subject."

"Oh, you know very well that's not what I mean. I know I am not good enough for him; and I must say I wish I had never wasted my time visiting those poor people and pretending to be a saint, when I am far enough from it."

"You succeeded in your object, nevertheless,"

"More's the pity. Now, Mary, you must do me a favor. Stephen is coming in an hour to go to some service or other—I should think he might have enough of that in his own parish without dancing attendance on every one our rector sees fit to drone through—and I'm not going. You must tell him so. I am going to take Mignon and drive off in search of something new."

"Very sorry, but I'm off, too;" and Mary dashed out of the room.

Sitting down at her desk Winnie wrote a note to the Rev. Stephen Morgan, urging various pressing duties that must be attended to, so that she would be prevented from enjoying his society that morning. With a laugh Winnie threw it on the hall table, rushed upstairs and down again, and was off to the stables. The low pony-carriage was soon ready, and just as she turned the corner leading toward Chester the Rev. Stephen Morgan was seen to ascend the steps of Mowatt hall.

"I'm not in a mood for goodness this morning, and Stephen is too like an angel. I wonder if I am wickeder than other people?" with which pleasing reflection Miss Winnie drove on. Soon she came to a road which she seemed to hesitate about taking; then setting her mouth quite firmly urged her pony valiantly on. "I might as well have the pleasure of driving through the grounds, anyway," she soliloquized. "Miss Blanche Grey is not yet in possession. I wonder what she is like? Dashing, if harum-scarum Charlie chose her. Ah, well!"—heaving a sigh as she loosened the rein, and let Mignon walk through the woods belonging to Chester—"I used to think Charlie—" Winnie stopped very suddenly; for, barring the road, stood a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with dark whiskers and mustache. Approaching Winnie he made a low bow.

"We arrest trespassers at Chester now"—seizing the reins and leading Mignon on some distance before Winnie recovered from her surprise sufficiently to speak.

"Charlie Chester!" she exclaimed, at length. "Leave the reins alone. When did you come? Had I known you were here no power on earth would have induced me to enter these grounds."

"And what was your object now, pray?" with a sneer.

"I have had many happy days in these woods," replied Winnie, pensively, "and a thought of them brought me here."

Charlie Chester's face assumed a look of incredulity. "In those happy days, Winnie, when we were such fools? ah!"

"Yes," replied she, carelessly, "I flatter myself I did make a fool of you."

"Flirt!" exclaimed the young man, dashing his cane on the ground, and seizing the young girl's hands in his two powerful ones. "Winnie, why did you treat me so? Why teach me with every breath I drew to inhale the poison of loving you, only to laugh and jeer at me? There was a time—do you remember one walk through these very woods, when, leaning on my arm, you let me lead you through path after path, now stopping under some old tree to gather the wild flowers that were not one-half as lovely or as wild as you, now resting by the little brook. I was so happy, Winnie, and you—"

"Were wondering how much you had a year! You are really getting poetical, Sir Charles. Well, you cheated me after all, for Miss Grey—"

"Is to be my wife."

Without one word Winnie urged "Mignon" on, and Charlie Chester did not follow. She had grown to be so dear to him, and he had looked upon her as his future wife ever since the day when he had met her, in her girlish beauty, the willful beauty of Trenor. Had not every look, every action, conveyed his meaning to her? Pshaw! She was clay, very common clay, too; for had he not been told that her object was the Chester property, not himself? This ambition a man never forgives, where women are concerned; himself—oh, that is quite another matter.

"Life with Blanche, while that gypsy face is ever before me! I wish to heaven she had not crossed my path again."

Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Morgan had left his fiance's house in no pleasant mood. He was beginning to weary of Winnie's enfantillage, and really since their engagement she had become a very different creature. Where was now her devotion to good works? She did nothing but upbraid him for his clerical profession and insinuate that she should make his leaving the church a condition of their marriage. And now, after solemnly promising to accompany him to church—for was it not St. John the Baptist's day?—she had disappeared. Quite vexed in spirit, Stephen Morgan sank wearily on his knees; when rising a sweet voice at his side said, "Surely you are Cousin Stephen?" and a little gray glove was held out to him.

Stephen was very properly averse to talking or looking about him in church, but the sudden relationship was too much for him; so, without pausing, he took the hand and glanced curiously at his neighbor. A tall blonde, with blue eyes and a smile on her lips! Stephen was unaware of possessing so lovely a cousin, but was not unwilling to claim the relationship.

The service over, he followed her into the church-yard. How tall, how graceful she was! And there was a quiet dignity about her that seemed to pour comfort upon poor Stphen's harrowed soul.

"And how did it happen that I never saw you before?"

"Oh, that is easily explained. You see, I have always lived in Scotland, and as you never came there how could we know each other?"

"How did you recognize me, then?"

"From a picture I once saw of you, and I took a— I liked your face, and remembered it."

How different from Winnie, who found fault with his physiognomy twenty times a day!

"Where are you stopping, Miss—Really, I forgot to ask your name. Of course I know it's Grey; but what else?"

"Blanche."

"And it suits you."

The Reverend Stephen drew himself up, recalling Winnie. Well, this girl was his cousin; he had a right to pay her all the compliments he chose.

"Are you stopping near Trenor?"

"At Chester. Lady Chester is my godmother. Do you know her?"

"No; though I have walked through the grounds. I thought the family absent. But I shall call, if I may, Blanche."

Blanche Grey drove off with a sigh. "What a heavenly face Stephen has! I wish Charlie looked like him, or that he even would go with me to church. What an attentive lover!" and again the fair Blanche heaved a sigh. Surely the air was full of sighs this morning.

Lady Chester was seated on the lawn receiving her guests. Such a handsome, haughty old lady, of whom every one stood in mortal terror, with two exceptions—first, her son, Sir Charles, who knew his mother's vulnerable point—himself; and second, Winnie Mowatt, who feared neither woman nor man, especially man. By Lady Chester stood Blanche Grey, her trailing white gown falling in graceful folds about her, while from her picturesque hat white feathers drooped upon her golden hair.

"Looks for all the world like the chaste Diana, as cold and impassive. Imagine me with such a companion for life! She is a beauty, and I should adore her were she any other man's wife; but as mine! Fortunately adoring one's wife has gone out of fashion;" and with a shrug of his broad shoulders, and diving his hands in his pockets, Charlie Chester took a step backward.

"Really, Sir Charles!"

"Winnie, I beg your pardon. Miss Mowatt, I was unaware of your proximity;" and Sir Charles was bowing himself off.

"Allow me to introduce the Reverend Mr. Morgan. Sir Charles Chester."

"Excuse me, Winnie, but I—I—I'll be back before long. I must speak to my cousin, Miss Grey;" and poor Stephen was off with a radiant face. Was she not the embodiment of holy beauty in her white robes? As she stood there, that rapt look on her face, she seemed a St. Cecilia, and Stephen almost dreaded lest wings should appear and she should take her flight.

"I suppose you could find nothing uglier to wear?" scoffed Sir Charles, touching Winnie's pink dress with a gesture of disdain. Winnie drew back.

"Is the color offensive? You used to be fond of pink once, Charlie. I suppose white has the preference now."

"You wear the color you know I like; you come here looking like an angel; you do it to drive me wild, Winnie, and, by Jove, I will not stand it."

"Don't insult me, Sir Charles, by forgetting whose betrothed you are, and by paying me empty compliments."

"George! my fair Blanche seems to fancy that muff of a parson who came with you, and I'll make him a present—By the way, who did you say he was?"

"The Reverend Stephen Morgan, of Totten, who proposes making me his wife."

"He does, does he? If you value his life keep him out of my way. I tell you I am a jealous man, and though you will not have me you shall not have him."

"To judge from appearances, he seems much more inclined to have your fiance. By-the-bye, they are cousins. Why, Charlie, we shall be related; not very near, to be sure, but near enough for me to visit you continually, and during Lent you and your wife can fast at Upham, if Stephen gets the living."

"That he won't! You forget my uncle has the giving of it, and I'll move heaven and earth to prevent that duffer from getting it. Jove! it's enough to make a man's blood boil to see such a heartless flirt as you are. Child, how could you be so cruel, when you knew my heart was full of you? Winnie—they had wandered off into the woods so fatally fraught with bitter-sweet memories, and Charlie Chester had bared his head to the breeze—"Winnie darling, tell me true, had you no love at all for me in those happy days? Was it all on my side?"

Tears were standing in Winnie's brown eyes, and a look of pain crossed her face, but she made no reply.

"Winifred, I will know," and seizing her two hands in his Charlie Chester gazed long and wistfully into her eyes. As for Winnie, the earth seemed sinking beneath her feet, while the tears ran unrestrainedly down her cheeks. "Are these for me, Winnie?"

No answer.

"Then, darling, I alone have the right to wipe them away," and Charlie bent his head and kissed her.

"Sir Charles," said a voice near him, "Miss Grey awaits you in the shrubbery," and Stephen Morgan stood by Winnie's side.

If Stephen Morgan thought his cousin angelic from a distance, this feeling was intensified on drawing near. After being duly presented to Lady Chester, he proposed a walk in the woods, to which Blanche willingly consented. She really liked her new-found cousin very much, and secretly had admired his severe profile as set forth by some Totten photographer ever since his mother, in a moment of maternal vanity, had sent it to her Scotch relatives.

She had never been in love with Sir Charles, but had been fond of Lady Chester, her godmother, who had set her heart on her son's marrying Blanche. So, after the cruel story of Winifred Mowatt's mercenary ambition, founded on a joke carelessly spoken but faithfully reported, Sir Charles had acquiesced in his mother's plan, as well as Blanche, to whom one was as good as the other, for she was heart-free, and thought that time would teach her what time alone never does—love.

As she wandered on with Stephen, she could not refrain from comparing him with Charlie, much to the latter's disadvantage. Sir Charles was too tall, too robust, reminding one too forcibly of the beef which nourished him; while Stephen was more heavenly, more freed from the dependence upon daily food.

Then Stephen was dark, very dark, while Sir Charles had brown hair and whiskers—a privilege accorded to too many to make it valuable—and his eyes were gray.

Their conversation turned upon his future.

"You know I am in hopes of getting Upham," he said. "Lord Hendrey is quite my very good friend, and has about promised it me. It is a lovely spot. Were you ever there?"

"Upham near Tamley?"

"The same; Lord Hendrey's town."

"Why, of course I have been there. Lord Hendrey is Charlie's uncle, and I have often visited with Lady Chester. A charming spot, my ideal of a village. And, Stephen, there is much work needed there, for the last man was old and very negligent. There are many poor families will need your care and—your wife's, for I presume you will marry."

"Unfortunately that's not in Winnie's line. She hates visiting, she says; though when I first met her it was at a poor woman's bedside."

"Is 'Winnie' Miss Mowatt?"

"Yes."

"And are you going to marry her!"

"Why, yes"—rather uneasily.

"Indeed!"

There was nothing more said, and silently they walked on, until they reached the shrubbery, where Blanche declared her intention of resting. Soon they perceived a couple advancing, and recognized Sir Charles and Winnie.

"I wonder when Winnie knew him?" remarked Stephen.

"Oh, they are very old friends—very," replied Blanche, not entirely without meaning, for she had heard a vague rumor of a "flirtation" between Sir Charles and the beauty of Mowatt hall, though it is due to her to add that she was ignorant of its real nature, else had she not accepted Sir Charles. "Good gracious! Charlie is becoming really touching," she exclaimed, beneath her breath, as she saw him take Winnie's hands. As he bent forward a look of horror crossed her fair face, and she bade Stephen summon Sir Charles. "And he never kissed me but once," she thought, "and that was a ghost-like salute on the forehead." "Sir Charles," she said, as he presented himself before her, looking rather sheepish, "here is your ring. Believe me, I am glad to give it back."

"Forgive me, Blanche," he stuttered, looking, if anything, rather relieved. "I ought to have told you frankly that my heart was not my own."

"Oh, I forgive you easily enough," replied Blanche, haughtily; "it is Miss Mowatt I blame."

"Just like a woman, always down on her own sex."

"It is because she has deceived my cousin, poor Stephen, a man as far above her as the heavens from the earth."

"Blanche, you go too far."

"She went too far. Why did she lay her trap to catch a saint? Men of the world, like yourself, are more her line."

There was no use mincing matters, and Lady Chester had to be told that the engagement between her son and goddaughter was at an end, and for a while Chester was more comfortable without than within. Blanche strove to bear the brunt of her displeasure, but Sir Charles would not allow of that, and confessed that he still loved Winnie Mowatt.

"Marry her, then," exclaimed the old lady, in a rage. "You're a fool and so is Blanche."

Marry her, then! How easy to say, but with Stephen Morgan in the way how difficult to do! However, Sir Charles was no coward, and one fine morning he started out, armed inwardly cap-a-pie for an encounter. His heart failed him when he entered the drawing-room of Mowatt hall, but his courage all came back as he saw Winnie curled up in an arm-chair, her chin resting on her hand, deep in thought. The color mounted to her olive cheeks as she perceived Sir Charles.

"Winnie, it is all up between Blanche and me."

"Really? How interesting for the *chronique scandaleuse!* How you two will be picked to pieces! Not a feather will be left on your back."

Sir Charles did not pause to inquire to what fowl she mentally likened him, which perhaps was as well, but said, "Where is Mr. Morgan?"

Winnie's face grew pensive.

"Gone"

"Gone! Where?"

"Why, to Totten, to be sure. Where else should he go? Upham isn't his yet, is it?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. All I want to know is that he will never come back. Tell me, will he?"

"How do I know? No, on consideration I do not think he will come back."

"And you are free, my—my—"

"Hands off, please. And before I answer your question, Sir Charles, let me tell you that it was wicked, very wicked, of you ever to have listened to gossip about me, and—"

"Precious pet! Tears again? This will never do, Winnie. But answer my question of the other day. Did you not care for me at all in those poor happy old days?"

"Of course I did"—very low.

Sir Charles was content. As he was leaving the drawing-room preparatory to an audience with Mr. Mowatt, Winnie's venerable parent, a little hand was laid on his arm, and a sweet voice said: "Charlie, poor Stephen was dreadfully cut up. I didn't think he cared so much about me."

"Deuce take Stephen! No; I'll forgive him, for I have you."

After which more nonsense.

Sir Charles took his bride abroad, and after a winter in Rome they were preparing to return to Chester, which was to be their home, as old Lady Chester had gone off three miles to live, at Bovey. They were stopping in Paris for a few days, and Lady Chester awaited her husband's pleasure in a fiacre before T—— & Co., English bankers. Soon he appeared, holding an open letter in his hand. He jumped in, squeezed his wife's hand—they had not been married so very long, after all—and exclaimed, "News of Stephen for you. He's got Upham, and—"

"Poor Stephen!" sighed Winnie.

"Don't waste your sympathy, little one. He has married Blanche Grey, and now, come to think of it, she was a monstrous fine girl."—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Bran for Ewes.

Breeding ewes, says an exchange, will thrive better upon bran than upon corn. Bran supplies the needed nourishment better than corn. Oats are next in value to bran. Mixed food, however, is the best. One bushel each of corn, rye, buckwheat, oats and bran mixed, combine all the needed and most nutritious food elements. One pint daily will be a fair allowance. One bushel for 100 sheep is a common ration.

To Tell the Age of Hens.

If a hen's spur is hard and the scales on the legs rough, she is old, whether you see her head or not, but her head will corroborate your observation. If the underbill is so stiff that you cannot bend it down and the comb thick and rough, leave her, no matter how fat and plump, for some one less particular. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs; the scales on the legs are smooth, glossy and fresh colored, whatever the color may be; the claws tender and short, the nails sharp, the underbill soft and the comb always thin and smooth.

Salting Stock.

The fault is one usually of underfeeding salt rather than giving an excess. Fed upon hay, straw and grain diet a grown animal will consume an ounce of salt daily without injury, but rather benefit. A little salt daily is far better than to have it as an extra feed once a week or at longer intervals. A farmer of well informed ways always feeds salt with each ration of meal summer and winter, whether fed once or twice per day, of course giving but a sprinkling of salt with the meal. If grain is not fed the salt may be mixed with sulphur, the two combined being one of the great remedial agents for the prevention of vermin, besides it is a good promoter of digestion and pure blood, two elements of success in feeding cattle.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Pruning for Fruit.

By arresting or removing the little faults of his children as soon as they are shown, the wise father prevents their attaining such inveteracy as will not submit to correction, but bursts out immediately with fresh misdeeds. So with orchard trees. It is a great mistake to let growth run on without restraint for two or three years, and to suppose that a pruning then will set all to rights. The fundamental rule of the art is to take away all young shoots that are not fitted to make permanent bearing branches. Remove these, the sooner the better, but remove no others. Cut out and suppress all wild shoots that issue below the graft, and whose growth would rob or smother it. Cut out all shoots in the interior of the trees that will not have light enough in summer for the leaves of any fruitbuds that might form on them, and which could therefore not mature into fruitage. Thin the new growth all over the top so that no shoot will shade another or be shaded; those that are left being such as extend the main bearing branches which gardeners call "leaders." Often a crowding branch can be propped or braced out into open light, and so two branches be relieved with little or no pruning of either with a gain of large fruit-producing area. One other case must be noted—that of a tree exhausted so much as to be covered with fruit buds and making no new shoots. A tree in health should make new shoots every year all over the top, and at least eight inches long. If it does less, the soil is poor, or the roots are robbed or dried, or the stem is injured and cannot carry the sap, or the wood of the top has become unsound. The thing to be done then is to cut back the top, reducing it largely, to give the exhausted system less to do and more chance to recover. The vexed question of even and odd years, or fruitful and barren ones in alteration, which is so important to growers of Baldwins, Greenings and some other winter sorts, is solved most easily by a resolute thinning in the winter preceding the fruitful years, so as to reduce the bearing and increase the wood and bud forming for the next year.—*Shelah, in New York Tribune.*

Poultry Notes.

It is generally conceded by the majority of poultry breeders that a meat diet is essential during cold weather, when worms, bugs and insects are not to be found by the birds. But though considered necessary to atone for the lost insect food, it should be used sparingly and not fed too often to young fowls.

In winter and early spring, to keep up egg production, the fowls must have something to work on. The best way to supply them, if there is not enough of waste meat scraps from the breeder's table to meet the required demand, is to get scraps from the butcher or slaughter house. The waste meat, offal and the bloody pieces which are unsalable, can be bought for a cent or two a pound.

The poultry-keeper who takes advantage of all the little aids to successful poultry keeping will always see that the drinking water is not only renewed in cold weather, as well as in the summer, but that the water in the winter is warmed before it is given to the fowls. It is not necessary to set forth the why and the wherefore of the benefit of warming the drinking water. Set it down for a fact that warm water is better than cold for poultry in the winter, and act accordingly.

Condiments and stimulants are not approved of by many breeders, but we must remember that birds feeding on nuts, insects, berries, etc., in a wild state, require no condiments of any kind, yet domesticated fowls need a little spice in their diet. Red pepper is a healthy seasoning for the regular diet, as it is a harmless tonic, warm and stimulating. Do not be afraid to put a liberal dash of it in the morning meal for the fowls. It will do them good, and the cost is trifling.

Feeding-troughs for poultry, properly constructed, ought to be generally substituted for the wasteful practice of feeding from the ground. The "reasons why" are obvious. Where there is a scramble for the food that is thrown helter-skelter, the weak are prevented by the strong from getting their share until the latter are satisfied, and the food is trampled into the dirt. It is no advantage to fowls to eat sand, dirt or gravel mixed with their food. The gravel and other indigestible substances necessary to the proper trituration of their food in the gizzard can be given separately, and should be. A simple trough may be made, defended by slats placed vertically or on a convenient angle, with spaces sufficient for the passage of the head, thus preventing the trampling and soiling of the food, which will not be wasted, as in the case where it is thrown carelessly on the ground.

Recipes.

RICE CAKE.—Six ounces of rice flour, six ounces of wheat flour, twelve ounces of pounded loaf sugar, eight eggs, the juice and grated peel of one lemon. To be whipped well one hour and baked one hour.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one egg and one cup of molasses well mixed together; then add one cup of strong warm coffee, with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, four cups of flour, one pound of raisins stoned and chopped fine, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg.

APPLE TAPIOCA.—Soak a large cup of tapioca in a pint of water several hours, or over night if you choose; add to it an hour or so before wanted a cup of sugar, a little salt, a cup of cream or rich milk; mix and pour over six or eight large greening apples, which have been peeled, cored and the cavities filled with sugar and lemon; grate over the top some nutmeg and bake one hour.

A RICH TOMATO SOUP.—Take eight good-sized tomatoes, cut them in half, put them into a saucepan with a bunch of sweet herbs and an onion stuck full of cloves, some allspice, whole pepper and salt. Cook them slowly until quite soft, then strain through a strainer or hair sieve until the skins and onions and herbs only are left behind. Have a quart of plain stock boiling hot. Stir the tomatoes into it, add the yolks of two eggs beaten up in a little cold water. Serve with sippets of toast or fried bread.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The total losses by fire in the United States last year aggregate $81,280,900, of which the insurance companies paid $44,641,900.

The savings banks of the State of New York represent financial resources of $443,000,000. The savings banks of New England represent as much more.

At the militia encampment held in Indianapolis, Ind., the first week in July, prizes of $1,500 and $1,000 are to be offered for the best drill by outside companies; of $500 and $250 for the best drilled State militia company, and $350 for the best drilled Knight Templar company. Nearly 3,000 of the militia and knights are expected under canvas.

In June, 1783, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier sent up the first balloon. To commemorate the centenary of the event, it is proposed that an international exhibition of "aerial arts" be held at Paris next year. The "aerial arts" are to include every industry, science of art, relating to gas or the atmosphere, which is supposed to have any connection directly or indirectly with aeronautic experiments.

Our Continent quotes from Baron Nordenskjold's scientific reports that the only song-bird he found in the extreme north was the snow bunting. Its merry twitter was often heard near heaps of stones and craggy cliffs, where it builds its nest of grass, feathers and down. Delighting in cold and snow, this cheerful songster enlivens the gloomy shores of northermost Spitzbergen with its lively notes, and defies the rigor of the Arctic winter.

The superintendent of the New York Central railroad denies that it is economy or oldfoginess that prevents the heating of cars by steam. It is impracticability. If the steam is not returned to the engine—which has not yet been successfully done—the locomotive cannot afford the waste. If it comes from a separate boiler, say in the baggage car, and on account of a broken wheel or other trouble the baggage car has to be cut out, then the heat supply has gone, and any single car which had to be side-tracked or left waiting for another train on another road would leave no heat as soon as separated from the train. Every car must have its own source of heat. Tests are now going on for heating the trains by a small boiler under each car, which, in case of collision, would tumble off and not set the car on fire. The superintendent claims that the road has spent $12,000 in experiments on heating cars, but the subject is surrounded with many difficulties.

The proportions in which foreign countries have contributed to Mormonism are shown in the following figures, which are compiled from the censuses of 1870 and 1880:

	1870.	1880.
Born in England	16,073	19,654
Born in Scotland	2,391	3,201
Born in Wales	1,761	2,306
Born in Ireland	502	1,321
Born in Denmark	4,957	7,791
Born in Sweden	1,790	3,750
Born in Norway	613	1,214
Born in Switzerland	509	1,040
Born in Germany	358	885

England, it will be seen, makes the chief contribution to Mormonism, and next to England come those Scandinavian countries to whose people the Anglo-Saxon stock is close akin. The infrequency of Irish or German Mormons is very remarkable, and the Latin races of Europe never have been hospitable to Mormon missionaries. The number of proselytes made among Americans during the last twenty years is very small. They are few and far between. The recruiting ground is Great Britain and Scandinavia.

Professor Morse in one of his recent lectures before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, exposed some of the tricks of the Japanese in a manner calculated to fill the minds of æsthetic people who have been living up to their pottery with sincere grief. From his statement it appears that the Satsuma pottery, to be worthy of which soulful æsthetes intensely strive, is held in no esteem in Japan. There is no such thing as ancient Satsuma pottery, and, more than this, plates with heavy rims, cups with handles and saucers and pitchers have no existence at all as genuine pottery. Just what it is that æsthetes are worshiping Professor Morse told his audience as follows: The large articles sold as ancient Satsuma are from two to four years old, are principally manufactured in Tokio and are rubbed with charcoal dust to give them an appearance of age. I have myself stood beside an agent of an American firm which deals in "Satsuma" ware, and heard him give an order for a great quantity of this "ancient" pottery, directing the designs and telling the maker to put on plenty of decorations, no matter what. These large pieces are regarded by the Japanese as abominable paraphrases, and a name is applied to them which signifies that they are made salely to be exported. They are for the most part not Satsuma at all, but Awata, and the decoration is performed by children and cheap workmen of all kinds. I know that I am breaking many hearts in this audience and I am sorry for it, but I must speak to save other hearts from being broken.

It seems curious but it is a fact that there are 10,000 more men than women in Utah.

About $1,000,000 are spent annually for cut flowers in New York.

APACHE MATT, THE SCOUT.

A Famous Frontiersman's Reason for Waging War Upon the Indians.

A recent issue of the Denver *Tribune* says: Matthew Johnson reached this city from Fort Hualapai yesterday, and to-day will leave for his old home in New York State, there to spend his remaining days. Several years ago he was living with his wife and several children near Hualapai. One early morning, while the father was absent at the military post, the band of Majave Indians of which Delshay was chief attacked the ranch, and tortured the mother and the three children to death. When Johnson returned his cabin was in flames and the blood of his dying family yet warm. Almost crazed, he went back to the fort without even waiting to inter the remains of his wife and children and briefly told the awful tragedy. Within fifteen minutes a detachment of K company of the Fifth cavalry were mounted, under the command of Colonel Mason, and on the trail of the copper-skinned devils, Johnson going along.

On the morning of the third day the cavalry entered the Black Hills, at the headwaters of the Verdi river, the home of the wild Apache Mojaves. That evening camp was made near the Verdi and a scouting party further followed the trail, which appeared to be only a few hours old. In a small clump of cottonwoods and near a marshy portion of the river the smoke of the Indian fires was discovered. It was too late to attack the Indians, as the darkness would afford them an escape. They had apparently located with the intention of remaining a few days and hunting, so the assault was deferred until the morning, the cavalry coming up, however, and putting out sentinels. On one of the posts Johnson stood keeping vigil through the night. In the morning the cavalry swooped down upon them. Surprised in their stronghold, and with their arms scattered carelessly about, the Indians could do nothing better than fly; and fly they did toward the river, the soldiers picking them off one by one in the chase. Delshay was more cunning and self-possessed than his followers, making up the river through the thick cottonwood. The six Indians were killed before one of them had reached the stream, but Delshay, the seventh, had such a start that the cavalry almost gave up all hope of overtaking him. They spread out, however, and made a skirmish through the cottonwood forest.

When they brought up in a little glade up the stream a couple of miles they were astonished to find Johnson leaning over the dead body of the Indian chief, hacking and cutting it with a huge bowie-knife in insane frenzy. The body lay upon the river bank as if it had been pulled out after the infliction of the death wound. The head was nearly severed by a stroke of the knife, and Johnson had scalped it. It was many minutes before his fury had spent itself, the soldiers never interfering with the horrible satisfaction which the widowed husband and childless father was taking for his wrongs. Finally, when he had grown calm enough to explain, he told how he had seen the Indians making up the river, and, resolved that none should escape, he followed as best he might. When he got through the timber he found the trail, and, although it was done with much difficulty, he succeeded in tracing it to the river bank. There it became lost, and knowing that the Indian could not have crossed the stream without having been seen on the opposite side, which was open and denuded of trees and underbrush, he concluded that the Indian was secreted in the bank. While walking down the bank a head was protruded from a pool near the shore. It was Delshay taking air. Steadily Johnson approached, and before the Indian could realize that the avenger was nigh he was grasped by the hair and his throat slit from ear to ear.

When the fort was reached Johnson requested to be employed in the scouting service and he was engaged. He became the bloodiest and most relentless of the border scouts and figured prominently in all the campaigns against the Apaches up to the recent one which General Carr led, earning the title of "Apache Matt."

Grant as a Lover.

Hearing that there was a lady living in this city who had once been courted by General U. S. Grant, and who had refused her hand in early womanhood to this noted American civil and military character, a *Constitution* reporter sought an interview with the lady, with very satisfactory results. The newspaper representative found the early sweetheart of Grant's to be a lady considerably advanced in years, yet still large, active and buoyant, and not nearly so reticent as the general. She had not seen General Grant since the '50s, she said, and then his father carried on a tannery in Portsmouth, O. She once had occasion to reside for a time in the family of a farmer whose farm joined that of Grant's father—only a line of fence between—and it was during her stay at this farmhouse that she was courted by General Grant. It must have been in the spring-time, for she says she and Grant would meet at the division fence, on each side of which were beautiful flowers.

"Ulick," said she, "would say to me, 'Let's gather flowers and see who will have the most kinds when we get through.'"

"You mean Grant when you say Ulick?" interrupted the reporter; "is name is Ulysses."

"Yes," she replied, "we always lled him 'Ulick,' and while he was courting me and wanted to marry me my father used to laugh at him and plague me, saying: 'He is the greenest-looking boy I ever saw,'" and chuckling to herself she added: "and he was a green-looking fellow. I remember the last time I saw 'Ulick.' We had been buggy riding. We had alighted from the buggy and he stood leaning with one arm on the wheel of the vehicle and looking into my face he said, 'Well, Ellen (my name is Eleanor, but they called me Ellen), if I ever find anybody that I love well enough to marry and am so fortunate as to have a daughter, you know what that daughter's name will be." The daughter's name is Nellie, a pretty contraction of Eleanor.

"We shall not publish your name," said the representative, "since you have been so kind and courteous to us, without permission. Can we use your name?" Finally she remarked: "I am not ashamed of my father's name; it was Charles Brandon, and my maiden name was Eleanor Brandon. My first husband's name was John Spaulding. Further than this I will not go."—*Keokuk (Iowa) Constitution.*

A Useful Table.

In laying off small lots the following measurements will be found to be both accurate and complete:

52½ ft. sq. or	2,722¼ sq. ft. is	1-16 of an acre
74⅜ ft. sq. or	5,415 sq. ft. is	⅛ of an acre
104⅛ ft. sq. or	10,890 sq. ft. is	¼ of an acre
120½ ft. sq. or	14,520 sq. ft. is	⅓ of an acre
147½ ft. sq. or	21,780 sq. ft. is	½ of an acre
208⅜ ft. sq. or	43,560 sq. ft. is	1 acr

EARTHQUAKES.

Some of the Shocks that Have Visited the Western Hemisphere.

The last great earthquake which visited Central America was on March 19, 1873, when San Salvador was utterly destroyed. That part of the world is peculiarly exposed to these convulsions, but the disaster of 1873 was not so fatal as that just reported, for, though three successive shocks were felt, the inhabitants, warned by previous noises, were able to find places of safety, and only about 500 perished. Earthquakes have been so frequent in the Central American States that the Indians are accustomed to say that it is "the land that swings like a hammock." The city of Caracas was entirely destroyed in fifty-six seconds on March 26, 1812. Quito, in Ecuador, was almost destroyed on March 22, 1859. In Peru, Caliao was destroyed in 1586, and the accompanying sea wave was ninety feet high. It was again destroyed in 1746. An earthquake which will be readily recalled was that of August 13 and 14, 1868, in which Arica suffered severely. The tidal wave carried a number of ships inland, among them the United States steamer "Wateree." A United States storeship was also lost by it. In Chili destructive earthquakes have occurred. One in 1822 caused a permanent elevation to an extent of from two to seven feet of fully 100,000 square miles of land lying between the Andes and the coast. February 20, 1835, the city of Concepcion was destroyed for the fourth time; there were felt over 300 successive shocks within two weeks. April 2, 1851, a severe shock was felt at Santiago.

In the United States have been many severe shocks. The most severe which ever visited the Eastern and Middle States was that of November 18, 1755. The shock felt in New England was undoubtedly promulgated from either the same center which emanated the disturbance that had destroyed Lisbon on the first day of the month, when 60,000 persons perished in six minutes, or from a center whose activity had been stimulated by the continual quaking that then prevailed from Iceland to the Mediterranean. The earthquake of the 18th began in Massachusetts with a roaring noise like that of thunder. After a minute's continuance of this there came a first severe shock with a swell like that of a rolling sea—a swell so great that men in the open fields ran to seize something by which to hold on lest they should be thrown down. After two or three lesser shocks then came the most violent of all, producing a quick horizontal tremor with sudden jerks and wrenches; this continued two minutes, and after a short revival died away. Numerous other shocks followed in the course of a month. In Boston many buildings were thrown down and twisted out of shape. On October 19, 1870, occurred the most considerable shock that has been observed in the Middle and Eastern States during the present century. The source of this disturbance has been traced, with some probability, to the volcanic region fifty to 100 miles northeast of Quebec. From this region the shock spread to St. Johns, N. B., and thence was felt westward to Chicago and southward to New York. The velocity of the wave or shock was about 14,000 feet per second. The occurrence of the shock felt at Quebec was telegraphed to Montreal by the operators of the Montreal Telegraph company in time to call the attention of those at the latter city to the phenomena, about thirty seconds before the shock reached them. In California the earthquake of 1852 destroyed one of the Southern missions. That of March 26, 1872, was the most severe that has occurred there during many years. Special damage was done in San Francisco by the cracking of the walls of fine public buildings. In Nevada the mining regions suffered in 1871 by the destruction of Lone Pine and other settlements.

Hair Turning White in a Single Night.

About fifteen years ago a young man named Henry Richards, who lived at Terre Haute, Ind., was going home one evening about dark from a visit to a friend, and was walking along the railroad track. Some little distance from town was a very high trestlework over a creek, there being no planks placed across for walking, so that people had to go over on the ties.

Richards was walking along at a lively rate, and when he arrived at the bridge he did not stop to think that a train coming in was then due, but, being in a hurry to get home, he started to walk across on the crossties. He had gotten nearly half way across the bridge when the train came slipping around a curve at a lively rate. He saw the train at once and started to run, but saw that it was useless as it would certainly overtake him before he could get off the bridge.

He was now in a terrible plight. To jump off was certain death, and if he remained on the track the train would crush him to pieces. There was no woodwork beneath the bridge for him to hang on to, so he saw that his only chance was to swing on to a small iron rod that passed under the crossties. No time was to be lost, as the train was nearly on the end of the bridge. So he swung himself under the ties, and in a few moments was hanging on for dear life. The engineer had seen him just before he swung under the bridge, and tried to stop the train, but did more harm than good, as he only succeeded in checking the speed of the train and made it a longer time in passing over the form of Rickards. As the engine passed over the coals of fire from the ashpan dropped on his hands, burning the flesh to the bone, as he could not shake them off, and to let go would have been certain death.

The trial was at length over, and, nearly dead from fright and exhaustion, with his hands burned in a terrible manner, Richards swung himself upon the bridge again and ran home. When he reached there his hair had not turned, but in a short time afterward it began to get gray, and by morning it was almost perfectly white.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Southern Forests.

A Southern States paper gives some facts which show that those who talk about the imminent exhaustion of forests leave a most important forest country out of account. The States of Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina and West Virginia contain in the order named fifty-eight to sixty-six per cent. of forest land, whereas Maine and Michigan, which

The Centre Reporter.

REED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Mar. 30, 1882.

Indiana county republicans are for Beaver.

A special train will be run to bring each of the 306 his brass medal. How we apples swim—"hurrah for B——r."

The Democratic state committee fixed on June 28 and Harrisburg as the place for holding the next democratic state convention.

The M'Veytown Journal man, recently sick, now has a bucket full of grub served him at a meal, and then he eats additional supply between times.

The only effective strike the workmen can make is at the republican party at the polls, which has so often gulled them with good times and increased wages.

The Atlanta *Constitution* announces editorially, "upon the very best authority," that Hon. A. H. Stephens will retire from politics at the end of his present term of Congress.

The attorney general of the Post Office department decides that toll gate and ferry keepers cannot lawfully detain the United States mails, even if the mail carrier refuses to pay charges.

General Grant is spending a week with President Arthur at the White-house. We hope the president will not let the poor fellow go away without presenting him some of his old clothes.

Judge Allison, of Philadelphia, has decided that taxes can not be paid in bulk, and hereafter every voter must pay his own tax in person or by his authorized agent. This puts a stop to one game of the political workers.

A republican wants to know from us, if Beaver is nominated for governor, who would likely be nominated for lieutenant governor. Well, possibly it might be the Hon. Agr. College, we hear much mention of him in republican organs.

Labor strikes in all quarters, and yet a republican administration under promise of fat things for the working men, if they only voted to keep them in power. Cheated again. It has been nothing but strikes against the capitalists and money sharks since we are under republican rule, which proves a god-send to the monopolist and a breeder of distress for the working man.

According to some soft-brained democratic editors no republican ought to grow rich, that some of human hopes being reserved for democrats—Tilden for example.—Lewistown *Gazette, rad.*

Just got it hindformost, you of the *Gazette*, it is you fellows that are wanting to get rich all the time and you want to starve the democrats. What democrats are objecting to is that your leaders are all enriching themselves by robbing the government. Do you see it now?

Last Friday was "hangman's day" in Pennsylvania in a much larger sense than usual, no less than five persons being executed in different parts of the State, their names being Frank Small, Frank and John Rumberger, Jonathan Moyer, and John A. Nevelling. Two of them died protesting their innocence. There were executions also in New York and Illinois, and perhaps elsewhere.

The Minnesota Senate, sitting as a Court of Impeachment, met in open session and formally certified its judgement against Judge Cox, implicated for drunkenness. The sentence is removal from office and disqualification from judicial functions for three years.

When common folks get drunk they are put into a lock-up over night and fined. It is no more than fair that persons in high places be made to come under the same law for being drunk.

The appointment of the Illinois man to the Marshalship of New Mexico, seems to have crystalized the Half-breed opposition in the Senate against the monopoly of Federal patronage by a small coterie of ultra Stalwarts, consisting of Logan, Cameron and Grant. Several of them had an informal talk to-day upon the subject, and they concluded to intimate to the President that it was time to call a halt. The contest over this appointment was a man living in New Mexico and Logan's man, who got the place.

The House Committee on Ways and Means adopted by 6 to 5 the following resolution: That the sub-committee on changes in internal revenue be instructed to report a bill abolishing all internal revenue except the tax on distilled liquors, malt liquors and manufactured tobacco, taxes on bank circulation and on alcoholic medicines, reserving for their discretion a reduction of the tax on cigars and special tax on dealers, manufacturers, etc. A motion to amead by inserting a provision exempting the sale of leaf tobacco from taxation was rejected. In voting against the sub-committee report Chairman Kelly said his vote was cast in accordance with the action of the Republican caucus, and was contrary to his Judgement.

As the recent work of the Auditors of this county may have created an impression abroad that the former board of County Commissioners have been guilty of peculation or missappropriating the county funds to their own use, we wish to say here that any such an impression is erroneous and any charge of the kind "utterly utter" unfounded. The late board of Commissioners, we say it for the honor of the county and in justice to the board, retired from office without a cent in their pockets not rightfully theirs. There may be those who are willing that a wrong impression shall go out as regards these gentlemen. So far as the special audit affects the late Commissioners it was only to disapprove their contract with the sheriff to board prisoners for 50 cents per day. This is an old custom and previous boards have allowed as high as 65 and 75 cents. In the matter of pay for road views and fees for attornies appointed by court to defend prisoners who had not the means to employ counsel, the Auditors disapproved of the customary pay allowed by the Commissioners in such cases. Similar services were paid for all along perhaps since the formation of the county, and this is a practice in other counties. None of the monies aforesaid, are charged as having gone into the pockets of the Commissioners.

IS THIS LEGISLATIVE STEALING?

In looking over the Aud. General's Report for 1881, there are some items which attracted our attention and to which we call the attention of the tax-payers and honorable members as well, and then the REPORTER asks the question, Is this legislative thievery? If it is thievery, then it belongs to the arts of the lowest of plunderers that curse the body politic. Section 8 of the Constitution says,

"The members of the general Assembly shall receive such salary and mileage for regular and special sessions as shall be fixed by law, and *no other compensation whatever*, whether for service on committee *or otherwise*."

Now this provision of our state Constitution is plain and unmistakable, and any compensation taken by members "otherwise" is in violation of this 8th article, and of the oath taken by them to support the Constitution. In pursuance of this provision the salaries of members is fixed at $1000 per session. Now let us look whether members have been taking funds out of the state treasury, "otherwise" than authorized by the Constitution and the *law*.

On p. 136 Aud. Gen. Rep. we find senators have drawn stamps to the amount of $5,025 from the P. M. at Harrisburg—this makes about $80 per cap. drawn by senators "otherwise" than authorized by the Constitution. Now these stamps are drawn under pretense of postage on documents furnished for distribution. Now has this $80 been applied thus? How many documents did you get reader, in the last 6 or 8 years by mail? None at all or not exceeding the value of 10 cents in postage. The complaint is general. The Dep't Reports we have came from the Department chiefs themselves, yet members get these doc's for distribution and draw stamps besides for mailing same! as scarce any are mailed what is done with the stamps? These $80 in stamps will pay postage on half a ton of printed matter, at one cent for each 2 ounces, yet no member gets near that weight in documents and strange, scarce any are observed going through the mails.

Then what becomes of the documents? Here is an item in the Aud. General's Report which explains that: On p. 136, D. K. Burkholder and J. H. Leonard for forwarding documents to senators, $1435. So then we see these documents are not mailed, the postage is pocketed, and the state pays an extra $1435 expressage, $5,025 had alredy been drawn for sending same through the mails.

Is this stealing?

Now we come to the House and find the same queer operation is understood and practiced there too.

On p. 131 Aud. Gen. Rep., "P. M. Harrisburg, stamps for members, $20,000?" this is $100 in stamps taken by each member, "otherwise" than authorized by the Constitution, and no documents mailed, for we see on same page Jas. Montgomery $3,960 and J. C. Narrow $1000 for freight on documents shipped home to members, and then put out by hand as persons of a neighborhood happen along, and constituents of distant localities thus get precious few if any.

On page 144 the senators are shown to have drawn stationery to amount of $3-136.23 "otherwise" than the Constitution permits, and in the House $4,468.67.

It might be supposed by some that the stamps named above are partly used by members for postage on the *Record* sent out, but such is not the fact, for we find on page 144, "P. M. Harrisburg, postage on *Record*, $1173."

Now what use do members make of the stamps?

Since we have shown in the above that members of the General Assembly are guilty of taking money from the treasury wrongfully, we now call the attention of the reader to another infamous steal. As members mail scarce any documents, hence there is little work for pasters and folders, yet we find on page 137, "Pay for pasters and folders, $10-665.80." Now if the legislators had any regard for the interests of the tax-payers they would discharge this useless army of pasters and folders, since they give them no documents to paste and fold, and the shipping of them is paid in the item to Burkholder, Leonard and Montgomery at additional cost. Under this state of affairs all the pasting and folding for a session can be done by contract for less than $2000 and be well paid at that—one man and a boy can do it, and have time enough to play poker and fool around the hill.

It was reported of one member, several years back, who went home early in the session and paid off little bills with stamps, few or no documents were mailed, and of course that indicated what the state's stamps were used for.

Is this stealing?

The Clinton *Democrat* pays the following just tribute to Judges Mayer and Orvis:

"The court business of Clinton county, both civil and criminal, during recent years, has been disposed of with such good judgement and promptness as to elicit the plaudits of intelligent tax-payers of the county, irrespective of party. At the last term all cases upon the docket ready for trial were disposed of. In no other county in the Commonwealth has the court business been brought up so close and none can boast of escaping with, proportionately, so little expense in its execution. Each of the six past terms was but of one week's duration and no important business was postponed that was properly brought before it. In other counties of the State, not larger than Clinton, during the time covered by the above terms, Courts of three weeks' duration have been frequent. When it is stated that the everage expense of the county of the first week's Court is nine hundred dollars, and that of each succeeding week amounts to not less than six hundred and fifty dollars, it will be seen what a very great saving this county effects by having upon its bench Judges so industrious and learned as are hers.

The republican officials of Lebanon are getting into trouble on account of charges of stealing the county funds.

AN EXPLOSION—ELEVEN MEN KILLED.

San Francisco, March 27.—An explosion by which eleven men were killed and four others seriously injured occurred this morning in the Vulcan powder company's works across the bay, where the manufacture of block blasting powder was in progress. Fire broke out in a room in the granulating house and communicated almost instantly to the powder, a small quantity of which was in the building. A blast of flame, however, rushed across a passage separating the granulating from the drying house. In the latter was storred about three tons of powder, which at once exploded. The concussion was not very great, the windows of buildings two hundred yards distant not being broken.

My husband had drunken habits he could not overcome until Parker's Ginger Tonic took away his thirst for stimulants, restored his old energy of mind and nerves, and gave him strength to attend to business.—Cincinnati Lady.

MORE DOCTOR STUFF.

Notwithstanding the thousand and one patent medicines invented in the last decade as cure-alls, we wish it understood there is room for more, and lots of material on hand to coin names from that may not kill if they do not cure before the cork is taken from the bottle. Almost every week the REPORTER is in receipt of propositions to advertise some new nostrum to cure any ailment from the fantods to the mumps, but we don't bite at the propositions to receive "pay at the end of every six months"; this is a disease we have of long standing and no cure is likely to be discovered for it.

However any one wanting to get out new medicines might try a hand on the syrup of chips, the nectar of fence-rails, the oil of stumps, the bitters of grubbing-hoes, and so on, (names that are just as high-sounding and significant as any other already advertised), as a never failing cure for coughs, colds, consumption in its worst stages, and it might be added, by way of improvement, that it also cures the tongue of slander, checks the most dangerous gossip, prevents news-carrying or incipient lying and falsehood, and such like diseases that disturb neighborhoods, and thus leading to the healthy morals of any community pestered with restless individuals infected with any of these dangerous and often contagious diseses.

Just see what a splendid field is here presented for any one desiring fame that would eclipse that of Esculapious of old or any noted quack of modern day. By all means let us have more medicines in drops, pills or powders—whether they kill or cure. There is nothing like taking "doctor-stuff."

THE CHINESE BILL PASSES THE HOUSE.

Washington, March 53.—The house met at 10 o'clock in continuance of Wednesday's session and the debate on the Chinese bill was resumed.

Mr. Richardson expressed his intention of voting for the bill as a measure of protection to American labor.

Mr. Morse based his objection to the bill upon the ground that it would destroy the commerce between the United States and China. He would vote against the bill as un-democratic, un-republican and un-American, dangerous to us as a nation, and injurious to our commerce.

Mr. Joyce took the floor to state the grounds why he should vote against the bill.

Mr. Dunnel based his opposition to the bill on the provision which suspended the immigration for twenty years.

Mr. Orth took up and replied to in detail the objections pressed by the advocates of the bill against the unrestricted immigration of Chinese, and opposed the measure because it violated a solemn treaty of the government, because it made discrimination founded upon race and color.

The legislative day of Wednesday then closed, and that of Thursday was then opened with prayer by the chaplain.

The morning hour having been dispensed with, the house, at 1.25, resumed the consideration of the Chinese bill.

Mr. Curtin made an eloquent speech in favor of the Chinese bill and was frequently interrupted by applause.

The previous question was ordered. Mr. Page closed the debate. The house then rejected, ayes 100, nays 131, the amendment offered reducing the term of suspension of immigration to ten years, and the bill passed in the exact shape in which it came from the senate by a vote of yeas 177, nays 65. The Pennsylvania members who voted in the negative for the passage of the bill were Messrs. Barr, Walker, Ward and Watson.

WOLFE'S ROSEATE HOPES.

P. C. Garrett, Wayne McVeagh and George Shiras as Candidates.

Philadelphia, March 2.—Charles S. Wolfe, the Union county statesman and leader of the Independents, arrived in this city last evening and registered at the Girard House. Shortly after he entered the hotel Mr. Wolfe was surrounded by his trusty lieutenants, Representatives Mapes and McKee, and was soon engaged in an earnest discussion of State politics. "I don't know anything new politically," he said to a reporter. "You see I came down on purely professional business. So far as I have heard, though, every thing looks favorably to our cause. The feeling throughout the State against the Stalwart wing of the party is daily becoming more and more intense since the appointment of Conkling. Besides that, Arthur's course has given great dissatisfaction."

"Have you seriously considered who will be the Independent candidate for Governor?" inquired the reporter.

"You know several gentlemen have been mentioned in that connection," replied Mr. Wolfe. "For instance, a number of our people favor Philip C. Garrett; others mention Wayne MacVeagh, while some speak of George Shiras. It is too early, though, to speak on this point with any degree of certainty.

"The result of general dissatisfaction in the ranks will be a division of the Republican party into three classes of voters outside of the machine element. For instance, there will be those Independents who are so utterly disgusted with the Regulars that they will certainly do anything to oppose machine candidates. Then there are those who will manifest their abhorrence of a Stalwart administration by voting for the Democratic ticket. Lastly, there are those who, disgusted with machine politics and Stalwartism combined, will remain indifferent to party call and vote as conscience and individual choice dictate. As I said before the outlook is favorable for the Independents."

NINE MEN KILLED AND ELEVEN INJURED IN DAKOTA.

Chicago, March 22.—A special dispatch to the Tribune from Bismarck, D. T., says of the accident which occurred last night at Sweet Briar, on the Northern Pacific railroad: Nine men were instantly killed and eleven others injured. The cars caught fire and two men were burned alive. The accident happened two miles east of Sweet Brisr, at Soapstone cut, at the crossing of Hart river. A considerable portion of the bridge gave way, but only a work train was wrecked.

OUR GREATCOAL FIELDS.

In a paper read by Dr. Chance, of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, before the American Institute of Mining Engineers at Harrisburg, October, 1881, he reports the avaiable coal of good quality, easily accessible, contained in beds thick enough for mining in Clinton county at 62,400,000 tons, in Centre county at 749,800,000 tons, in Clearfield county at 1,510,000,000 tons. He estimated the available bituminous coal in Pennsylvania easily accessible, above water level, and contained in beds not less than three feet thick at 15,272,000,000 tons, sufficient to maintain the present average out-put from Pennsylvania for about eight hundred years or to supply the whole world for fifty years.

FATAL EXPLOSION.

Allentown, March 23.—The boiler at the ore mine of Charles Leiser, two miles south of the city, exploded this afternoon. James Weaver, the engineer, was fixing the fires at the time and was thrown six feet backward, falling into a well sixty feet deep and containing thirty five feet of water. He was dead when found. His face and hands were badly scorched, by steam but as no bones were broken or no other injuries visable, it is supposed he was drowned. He leaves a wife and seven children. Harry Leiser, aged seventeen years and son of the proprietor of the mine, was struck by the fire box and had a leg broken. A new check valve was connected with the engine this afternoon which failed to work properly, and before the engineer was aware of it the boiler was empty. The pressure of the steam at the time was only ten pounds.

At the change of every season sluggishness of the blood should be prevented by taking Peruna.

The decisions of the St Petersburg Jewish Commission will render a million Jews homeless.

TRACES OF DELONG.

MELVILLE'S WEARY WANDERINGS IN SEARCH OF THE JEANNETTE

His Official Report to the Secretary Of the Navy—Hardships of the Survivors in the Arctic Region—The first Cutter Seen—Records of DeLong and His Party Found.

Washington, March 20.

Passed Assistant Engineer Melville has transmitted to the secretary of the navy a report dated Yakuts, Siberia, January 6, 1882, at which place he arrived on the 30th of December last. In his effort to ascend the Lena river he and his crew suffered greatly from frozen feet and legs and lack of food. On October 8 a Russian exile named Osmah Guymaeff discovered Melville's party, gave them salt and all the food his scanty supply allowed and at their request went to Bukoffon to inform the commandant of their desperate situation. He returned after an absence of fourteen days and reported that the commandant would be at Bukoffon on Nov. 1 with reindeer and sleeds to carry the entire party to Belun. On the way back to Kooman he met two of the first cutter's crew. Melvelle immediately started for Belun in a dog-sled, leaving Master John W. Danenhower in charge of his party with orders to follow to Belun as soon as transportation could be secured. He had hoped to intercept the commandant, but the latter traveled by a different route Arrived at Belun (at 5 p. m. November 2), he found the two men of the first cutter's crew in an exhausted condition. From them he learned the dreadful sufferings of the DeLong party. The latter crossed the Lena river to the west bank on October 1 at a summer hunting lodge called Usterda. The toes of the seaman Erickson having been amputated, he was placed on an improvised sled, which was hauled by his comrades, several of whom were hardly able to walk, owing to frozen feet and legs. They proceeded south slowly for a few days and crossed a small branch of the Lena, which they had to wade. On October 6 they stopped at a small hut; where Erickson died the next day and was buried in the Lena. By this time they were in a deplorable condition, having eaten their last dog meat and being on an allowance of three ounces of alcohol per man per day. They proceeded south until October 9, when Lieutenant DeLong decided to send two men ahead to seek relief. The feet of Ninderman and Noros were better than those of the others, and they were supplied with their blankets and Remington rifles (forty pounds of ammunition) and six ounces of alcohol, which was a per capita division of the whole stock of the latter. They were ordered to proceed south on the west bank of the Lena, and to send relief, if found, being told that the others would follow their footsteps. When the two men started the, party was at a halt on the north bank of a large western branch of the Lena. The two men ascended that branch about five miles to make a crossing and then traveled southeast to a hut known by the crosses and situated on the Lena bank. After fourteen days of intense suffering and slow progress they reached Bulcour, and were found by three natives who supplied them with food and transported them to Belun on deer sleds, arriving at that place October 27. Melville then continues:

The commandant of Belun took good care of them, but was unable to understand them. He gave the material and they wrote a long dispatch addressed to the American minister at St. Petersburg which the commandant took with him to Bukoff. Mr. Danenhower immediately sent it to me by special courier, together with an order from the comumandant to a subordinate at Belun to furnish me with an outfit, and appointing Banoukoff as a rendezvous, at which place I met him and the remainder of my party on November 5. Had consultation with commandant, ordered Mr. Danenhower to proceed south with all his party except James H. Bartlett, first class fireman, who was to remain at Belun to communicate with me, and I started north on that evening, Nov. 5, to the relief of Lieutenant DeLong, having with me two natives and two dog trains, with provisions for ten days. Stopped at Kunack Turka, November 5. Traveled fifty versts November 6, and reached Bulcour. Found two deserted houses, and traces of the two men, Ninderman and Noros; weather bound November 7. Traveled sixty-five versts November 8; examined small huts where the two men had slept, and where a number of sleds were stowed; slept in a snow bank that night; November 9 traveled eighty five versts, visited the huts at the two crosses, the shoal at Astrolira and reached Motral after midnight. The next morning I found in the hut a waist belt that had been made on board the Jeannette, and there were good indications that one or two of Lieutenant DeLong's party had slept in the hut. On November 10, our provisions running short, I decided to go to Upper Belun, a distance of 120 versts to the northwest, in order to renew them. Reached Upper Belun about midnight on the 11th, having stopped at the deserted hunting station of Cath Conra on the 11th, and also having visited eight huts on the route. Considerable stale fish and deer meat were found at Cath Conra, but no signs of it or the huts having been visited by DeLong's party. On my arrival at Upper Belun the natives brought me Lieutenant DeLong's record dated October 1, and I learned that others had been found. I sent to a neighboring village for them, and the next morning records, dated September 22 and 26, with a Winchester rifle, were brought to me. On November 12 were weather bound. The only provisions to be obtained were deer meet and fish, there being a scarcity of the latter, the natives having to send 250 versts for their own supply. On November 13 I obtained four day's supply of fish, and with fresh dog teams and natives started for Ballock, a hut in which Record No. 2 and the Winchester rifle were found. Slept there that night, found both huts filled with snow. On November 14 I followed the east bank of the Lena to the coast; followed the coast about three miles to the east; and found the Cache that had been made by Lieutenant DeLong on September 19, 1881. I made a thorough search, and gathered up everything. The sleighs being too heavy ladened to carry it, I searched for the boat both east and west of the Cache for a distance of five miles each way, and to a distance of one and a half miles off the shore, and saw no signs of it

The ice was very much broken, and was shoveled up in masses to within twenty-five feet of the Cache. I returned about midnight to Ballock, and to Upper Belun the next day, November 15, during a heavy storm; was obliged to wait there two days to rest and feed the dogs. During the time overhauled everything obtained at the Cache, and the following is a correct list, viz: One box containing refuse, medical stores, one box of small articles (mess gear), one box for navigation books and sextant, one box for chronometer, two tin cases containing four log books, two cook stoves, two pieces of rope, seven old sleeping bags, one lot of clothes, one Winchester rifle, one repeating rifle (both broken), one boat breaker, one box specimens from Bennet Island, N. B. Some of these articles were left at Upper Belun and the others were taken to Yakutz. There was no list of articles in the navigation box. On November 17, left Upper Belun with fish for ten day's food, with three dog teams, driven by three natives. I visited the place at which DeLong's party crossed the Lena and traced the party to Sisteraneck, from which place wished to search for the hut in which Erickson died, but there was a storm raging, and the natives insisted on returning to either Belun or Upper Belun, because there was a lack of food, and the dogs refused to work. We had only raw frozen fish to eat, so I determined to return to Belun, and arrived there November 17 in a nearly exhausted condition; feet, hands, legs and face badly frost bitten, having been ten days in a continuous storm remaining two nights and one day in one hole in a snow bank, without shelter of any kind. From my knowledge of this country and from the evidance of Noros and Tinedrman I am convinced that Lieutenant DeLong and his party are somewhere to the westward of the Lena, and between Sisteraneck and Bulcour, which are separated by an extent of 150 versts of barren and desolate region devoid of substance. To search that region a large force will be required with proper authority from the Russian official. I therefore came to this place to communicate with the United States and immediately, with the aid of the authorities, to organize searching parties. In the meantime the commandant of Belun is searching with all the forces his small town affords. The governor of this province has sent a general order throughout the entire region from the Lena to Kolyma to render assistance to both parties that are missing. I am now completing my arrangements and will start north in a few days.

Engineer Melville concludes his report by complimenting Master Danenhower, First Class Fireman Bartlett and Seaman Hubert for their fidelity.

THE FIRST RECORD.

Copy record No. I. [This record was found in Cacha, at the landing place, by me George Melville, P. A. Engineer].

Arctic exploring steamer Jeannette, Lena Delta, Monday, 19th of September, 1881: The following named fourteen persons belonging to the Jeannette, which was sunk by the ice on June 12, 1881, in latitude N. 77° 15.' longitude 150°, landed here on 17th instant, and will proceed on foot this afternoon to reach a settlement on the Lena river. (Signed)

GEO. W. DELONG,
Lieutenant Commanding.

Lt. DeLong, Surgeon Ambler, Mr. Collins, W. F. C. Ninderman, A. Gartz, Ah Sam, Alexy, H. H. Erickson, H. H. Koch, C. W. Boyd, W. Lee, N. Juerson, L. Nenos, A. Drester.

Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the secretary of the navy, with a note of the time and place at which found.

[Copies of the above in six languages followed.]

THE SEPARATION OF THE BOATS.

Navy Department, Washington, June 1, 1879.—A record was left about one half mile north of the southern end of Simontki island, buried under a stake. The thirty-three persons composing the officers and crew of the Jeannette left that island in three boats on the morning of the 12th inst. That night we were separated in a gale of wind, and I have seen nothing of them since. Orders had been given, in event of such accident, for each boat to make the best of its way to a settlement on the Lena before waiting for anybody. My boat made the land on the morning of the 16th instant, and I suppose we are at the Lena Delta. I had no chance to get lights for position since I left Simonatki island.

After trying for two days to get on shore without grounding, or to reach one of the river mouths, I abandoned my boat and waded one and one-half miles, carrying our provisions and outfit with us. We must now try with God's help, to walk to a settlement which I believe to be ninety-five miles distant. We are all well; have four day's provisions, arms and ammunition, and are carrying with us only ship's boat and papers and blankets, tents and some medicines; therefore our chances of getting there seems good.

(Signed) GEO. W. DELONG,
Lieut. U. S. Navy, commanding.

[Copy of Record No. 2]

This record was found in a hut by a Yakut hunter, and given to me at Upper Belun.

(Signed) GEO. MELVILLE,
P. A. Engineer U. S. N.

At a hut Lena Delta, about twelve miles from head of Delte, Monday, September 26, 1881.—Fourteen of the officers and the men of the United States Arctic steamer Jeannette reach this place last evening and are proceeding to the southward this morning.

A more complete record will be found in a tinder case hung up in a hut fifteen miles farther up the bank of the large stream.

(Signed) GEO. W. DELONG,
Lieutenant Commanding.

P. A. Surgeon, J. M. Ambler, Mr. J. Collins, A. Garty, W. F. C. Ninderman, A. Drester, H. H. Erickson, Ah Sam, H. H. Koch, Alaxy, C. H. Boyd, L. Nenso, W. Lee, N. Juerson.

OLD HICKORY.

The Thrilling Speech of Col. Vilas, of Wisconsin, at the Jackson Banquet.

[What the Chicago Times calls the best speech of the evening was made at the Iroquois banquet by Colonel Vilas, of Wisconsin, one of the most brilliant orators of the West. It was in response to the toast, "To Andrew Jackson." The Chicago Times says of the speech;

"Perhaps the finest effort of the night, considered from an orational point of view, was the eulogy of Col. Vilas of Madison, upon the hero in whose memory the meeting was gathered. Col. Vilas dwelt strongly upon the strong points in Old Hickory's character, and drew there from his conception of what a Jackson Democrat should be. Almost every sentence was greeted with cheers, and when he sat down the Democrats could not do justice to themselves sitting. They had to stand on chairs and wave their napkins high in the air to show the colonel how they appreciated his efforts, while those near him gathered around and shook his hand right heartily."

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE IROQUOIS CLUB. The selection of this anniversary for your first festival is a signal mark of the patriotism, wisdom and political courage which animate your organization and a prophecy of its usefulness.

Andrew Jackson! What a flood of glorious history rises on the mention of his name! A generation ago, and more, the old Democratic hero passed behind the curtin of death, but only in the flesh to die. The mortal change was his apotheosis to the celestial company of the gods of our political religion.

Well worthy of his immortality was that heroic life! Riven by passion and scarred by the strokes of strife, yet it stands a colossal figure among the heroes and statesmen of mankind, pre-eminent for single-hearted honesty of purpose and exalted bravery to do and bear. The ivy of affection and the laurel of renown, rich with the growth of years, now hide with their beauty the scars and seams of human weakness in that splendid tower of God's architecture in man. The features of its majesty and strength alone are left open to view. Turn we our gaze upon them, behold the beacon which blazes from its lofty head and fifty celebrate his day by invoking the inspiration of that character to rule again our political world.

This country ever loved, and, as it shall be ever free, ever must love, in its true ideal, the Jackson Democracy. False leadership and the turbulence of war distracted its counsels, obscured its distinctiveness, and shattered its followers among various parties The painful political scenes of our day cry aloud for their patriotic reunion and the restoration of its power.

It was not great intellect that made Andrew Jackson a great leader of men. It was his towering character. He had great intellect; and for war, genius. But high above all as mountain peaks ascend above the lower-lying hills, rose eminences of his stupendous character. [Applause.] Its paramount features were indomitable will and daring and courage. No page of history tell of one who, before him, survived seventy-eight years and so continually performed such and so many actions of desperate audacity.

From early boyhood to whitened age he was beset by perils and involved in strife, sometimes crippled by wounds, and often broken by disease. Others would have yielded; or, not yielding would have died. But not he! Through every year of life, in every danger, in difficulties unmeasured, the flame of that matchless soul burned undimmed, his courage never flinched nor his iron will surrendered. His personal hardihood was not more remarkable than his moral outrage. The two went hand in hand. He as boldly met the judgement of men and angels as the efforts of an enemy, for he was founded on absolute honesty of thought. Not always right, he always thought he was right. His acts were sometimes wrong; his purpose in them, to his mind, never. It guided him in quarrel with his enemies, it ennobled his intercourse with friends. It governed his individual transactions, and rose to exaltation when he dealt for his county and fellowmen. There his example voiced the teaching: The man is a felon who in politics cheats the people, and he is a traitor who betrays public trust [Great applause.]

And this our day and generation—which has seen a secret plotter, because his corrupt aris turned away a State's election on which a presidential contest pivoted, wined and feasted as a political hero—which witnesses even now at the capitol of its greatest state the consummation of a compact for the barter of public offices of trust—while yet we have not ceased to shudder from the horror of a President's assassination in time of peace; because of the passionate intrigue of faction—may well turn an anxious eye to the lesson of honest conviction and integrity of purpose taught by Jackson's open war. [Applause.] Better far to the country were all his upright errors than a single drop of the subtle poison of the blood inoculated by the chicane and fraud which have been too long the instruments of power in the republic [Applause] These were the qualities which made the leadership of Jackson great and successful. These magnetized and unified the Jackson Democracy of fifty years ago. These were the principles of action: First, to see the right blazing with the authority of the burning bush to Moses; then fight for it, reckoning no peril. [Applause.]

Above all things, and first of all the Jackson Democrat, as Jackson did, loves his country with a love which knows no higher duty but to God. He loves this complex frame of government which, when young, kings derided and the world cannot comprehend; this mystic child of liberty, heaven conceived, of one in many and many in one; this fast-bound union of independent States, this system of the stars, resting on the equipoise of contending forces, safe as law and free as space [Applause] He loves it without reasoning and with reason; not alone because it shelters his wife and babes and household gods, protects his labor and opens limited possibilities to his manhood, but because it satisfies the natural longings of his soul, because our fathers won it as the price of blood, because it is in the ark of their covenant and holds in security the fruit and hope of liberty. He loves it because it stands up in the way of the tyrants of earth, inviting the oppressed to safety and teaching the example of freedom to men. The springing manhood of his youth rejoices in this idol, superior to the love of woman, and the experience of his age sinks the roots of his affection in wisdom and philanthropy. [Applause]

Such was Jackson's patriotism, intense as his character, passionate and true. It was a nursling of the bloody Tarleton's massacres, printed on his boyish head by a British butcher's sword-stroke, nourished in captivity while yet but 14. It sank deeper in his heart as he helped to raise the frame of a state in the wilds of primitive Tennessee, and fought the savage into the southern glades and forests. And how full of glory to his country were its ripened fruits! Recall the scenes of the second war with Great Britain! With our victories on land and sea, disaster and humiliation had befallen us by land. Our soil had been invaded our capitol captured and ravaged by fire. Our wide seacoast, so promising to commerce, seemed help-less of defense. And when England gathered at Jamaica her vast Armada, boastfully threatening to seize our great river, rob us of our new bought territory, and push her ships and arms in triumph northward until her cordon of empire bound us from Canada to the gulf, who compared her mighty preparation with our feeble forces, without some fear? Who but Andrew Jackson? [Applause.] With the daring patriotism of Leonido, intelligently skillful as it was desperate, he flung by night his little band upon the enemy, instantly he had landed on the Louisiana shore; then, gaining delay to raise a hasty breastwork, with bloody slaughter of her trained and veteran army he gave England, more by valor than by arms, her most ignominious defeat, and, changing our humiliation to joy, finished the war in glory by the splendid victory of New Orleans. [Applause.]

Not only by a savage or a foreign enemy was that love of country tried. When his hair was white with the toils and wars of more than threescore years and ten, when disease and grief had long pressed hard upon his soul from the very people he had fought and labored for, from his own southern clime, a deadly blow was leveled at his country. The treason of secession raised its horrid front to defy the constitution and tear our union asunder. Though many trembled, the old President was unshaken With the fierce alacrity of youth he met it before it came forward, and raising that fitting cry of a Republic's chief magistrate, "By the God of heaven I will uphold the laws!" he struck the treason down. [Great cheers.] He knew but one dealing with his country's enemy, whether he came in ships across the sea or traitorously at home struck at the sacred bond of union—to fight him on the instant and fight him to the death.

And this is the devotion every where of the true Jackson Democrat. This led him to the fore-ranks of war. When a second time secession aimed its mortal stroke upon our nation's bond; when, alas! no Jackson stood in front. Forgotten all divisions loosed all other ties, this devotion bound the Jackson Democrat to all true comrades in arms. Let the warriors who fought with tongues and offices at home raise their chatter in vain! It was not they. This fellowship of the brave in patriotic duty then saved the republic to men, and shall be its safe foundation forever.

Fellow-Democrats, these were the ruling guides of the illustrious man whose name and inspiration you invoke to-night. But volumes only can tell the many deeds and services by which he exemplified them in action. Yet I would bid you mark his dealings with another peculiar danger to popular institutions—the clutch of a great corporation on the government. Like other combinations of capital, the bank of the United States had its field and day of usefulness. In its useful works it was entitled to credit and protection, and both it received. But with strength it grew ambitious and strained for unjust power. It stretched out its arm and took the Congress in its grasp. It defied the executive, and a weaker one would have bent to its will. But Jackson smote it, like Hercules the dragon, and it fell! And with it fell to us the warning: Keep corporations in their places. Hands off the government of the free! [Great and prolonged applause.]

And still more pertinent to the day is it to recall his entrance on the field on national politics Then, as now, a vicious party system bound the people and fettered their free choice. Spurning the power of the caucus, he burst its bands of false cohesion as a flash of cotwelb, and won the people overwhelmingly by direct, open war. Let us emulate the pregnant example. Down with mere intrigues for office! Democracy wants no hireling soldiery who war for sack and spoil [Applause.] Up with our clear-cut principles which mark the manhood of a freeman and recruit our hosts from them who will fight for the right because it is right, for love of country and fellow men.

There is work enough to do, were we all Hercules. The Augean stables must be cleaned of long-accumulated corruption. our public trusts set utterly above the reach of political beasts of prey, our trade made free of taxes which rob the people, our commerce to ride the waves of the sea beneath our country's flag. [Applause.]

Fill up, then, gentlemen, a brimming cup to the glorious memory of Andrew Jackson! With joy all good men may drink it, through the reunited nation. In Southern homes his name must have peculiar honor. For he was theirs from whom we claim this heritage of glory. And so was majestic Washington. So was Jefferson, and a long line of sacred memory. Well may they jump the sins of a later generation to sink in oblivion, and seize again on the traditions of the fathers as theirs and ours together. Drink to the glories of the past, the hopes of coming time. And while this government bears the ark of liberty down the ages, green grow the laurels on the hero's grave and sweetly rest his sleep. Abide with us forever the alert and fearless courage, the open simple honesty, and pure patriotic love of Old Hickory! [Great and prolonged cheering.]

We make the following liberal offer good until April 1st, 1882: Any of our present subscribers sending us the name of a new subscriber, and paying his own and that of the new, in advance, for one year, we will send the Chicago *Weekly News* FREE to both one year. No better offer out.

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It rains alike on the just and the unjust. On the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas. But both just and unjust are liable to take cold if they are exposed to rain, and we know there is nothing so good for coughs and colds as "Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey and Blood root."

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IMPORTANT
To Consumptives

A Gentleman

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

W. H. KURTZ.....Associate Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Mar. 30, 1882.

This week closes our first year of Business
—AT—
SPRING MILLS, PA.

With experience as to what is wanted
A DOUBLE STOCK!
—and—
TWO LARGE STORE ROOMS.
We hope to serve our customers better the coming year. Call and see us.

WHITMER & CO.

March 23, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—D. L. Geary, of Penn township, has moved to Milton.

—Mrs. Ezra Smith, of Gregg township, died on Saturday.

—Judgment exemption notes—tight notes—for sale at this office. tf.

—Mr. Michael Bower, of Haines, is seriously ill, supposed from pneumonia.

—Rev. J. H. Harpster has been installed as Lutheran minister in Trenton, N. J.

—If you want mackerel, any grade, cheaper than any dare offer, go to Dinges, at his old stand.

—Centre county has another new post-office, it is named Longville, S. B. Lucas, post-master.

—Our neighbor, Mr. John Shannon, has taken a sudden and serious illness, seemingly pneumonia.

—There is a man in Franklin county who until last week never heard of the assassination of Garfield.

—David Rhinesmith, of Earlystown, moves to a farm above Boiling Springs. Sorry to loose so good and useful a citizen.

—Subscribers changing their post-office address this spring, will inform us, giving the old as well as the new address. tf.

—We notice from the Western Trade Journal that Philip Mersinger & Co., have the largest sewing machine and organ store in Joliet, Ill.

—John Mullen desires all to take notice that his new store, in the Centre Hall hotel stand, will be open for business on Saturday, April 8.

—The Plum Grove public school entertained the people of that section of country, on Friday evening, 24 inst., by holding an exhibition.

—Take your produce to Dinges' bargain store, at his old stand, and get the highest price for same and fish or other goods at lower prices than any dare offer.

—What's the difference between a grass-widow and a grass-hopper? The one has been hopped from by her husband, while the other hops around in husbandry.

—Get your dried and canned fruit at Sechler's, if you wish a good article. They get their stock from the best canning and drying establishments in the United States.

—Preaching in the M. E. church at Centre Hall, Sunday, April 2nd, at 2.30 p. m., at Srucetown at 10.30 a. m.
BURMAN ADAMS, Pastor.

—A special in a New York paper says cannibalism existed in certain sections along the Mississippi river, where the travelling inhabitants are eating the flesh of their drowned neighbors.

—Wm. Stover, long a tenant on one of the Wilson farms, near this place, moves on the Neese farm at Spring Mills. Spring Mills gets a good citizen thereby, which is our loss.

—Jno. D. Foote, a prominent citizen and merchant of Millheim, has died. The amputation of Mr. Foote's leg over a year ago, it appears was the cause of an attack of cancer of the stomach.

—The hail and thunder storm of Monday evening did damage at Cleveland, in Crawford Co., Pa., also in West Virginia. Up in New Foundland they had three most terrible snow storms, drifts ten feet high and roads blocked.

—On Monday evening a fierce thunder gust passed over our valley. The lightning was vivid followed by rattling peals of thunder. The rain came down in torrents mixed with heavy hail. The gust lasted some twenty minutes.

—The following sentence of only thirty-four letters contains all the letters in the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow bags." Correct, and also that all the best and freshest groceries are found at Sechlers, in the Bush house block.

—The Philipsburg *Journal* says the second son of Dr. Boyer, of Clearfield, employed at Dr. Boyer & Son's saw mill, on the Montgomery creek, near Clearfield town, had one of his hands cut off, by coming in contact with a saw, on Wednesday, 22.

—Dinges has got back to the old stand which has been fitted up elegantly since the fire. Don't forget it is the Bargain Store in every sense of the word. Having sustained a great loss by the fire, he would be pleased to see his old friends and customers at the old stand again.

—The improved Singer sewing machine gives the utmost satisfaction to all using it. It runs easier, works faster and makes less noise than any other machine in market. D. M. Cowher, of Stormestown, is the agent. Try the improved Singer by all means before getting any other.

—At the annual election of the Bellefonte, Aaronsburg & Youngmanstown Turnpike Co., held in Mifflinburg, the following officers were elected:
President—Wm. Fichthorn.
Secretary and Treasurer—J. C. Motz.
Managers—John Frederick, Adam Weaver, Jacob Runkle, Cook Hubler, Wm. Fichthorn.

No changes were made in gate keepers.

—On Friday, April 7, preceeding Easter, the big heifer raised and fattened by Hon. S. Gilliland, of College township, will be paraded on the streets of Bellefonte, after which it will be slaughtered by Sechler & Co, and next morning the beef will be for sale in their meat market, for Easter roasts and steaks. Now if any of our readers want a taste of the choicest beef ever had in this county, sweet, tender and savory, here is a chance to get it. The heifer is a large animal,

—Look out for the new stock of ready-made clothing about to be opened at the Philad. Branch. Lewins will go ahead of any stock yet brought to Bellefonte by himself or others. His trade requires it, as he sells more than all the other clothing stores put together. He intends to keep up low prices, and will go all together on small profits and quick sales. One price, all goods plainly marked and every garment guaranteed as represented. No shoddy kept there.

—"My Love is come" is the best of news for young people, but what we are talking about is a song by that name, by Marzalls. It is published by Ditson & Co., Boston, who also send us, "Poor Paola," (50 cts.), an Italian Song by Magnus, "Too utterly utter" March (40 cts), with a super silly portrait of Oscar W. "Gavotte Favorite of Marie Antoinette, 1774," (35 cts), by Neustadt, "Galop" (30 cts), from Day and Night, "Hektograph Polka," (50 cts), by Strauss, "Serenade Wekerlin, for Violin and Piano," (35 cts) and "Santa Lucia," (35 cts), of the same set, both by Jacoby.

With the roll of music comes a good copy of Ditson & Co's Musical Record, ($2 per year.)

—Rev. Weidemyer, Evangelical minister at Aaronsburg, prosecuted Christianna Catherman for libel; in the Union county court. The case was tried a few days ago, and the woman was found not guilty but to pay the costs. The jury then signed the following statement in justice to the prosecutor:

"We, the undersigned jurymen who sat upon the trial of Christianna Catherman, in which the Rev. Peter C. Weidemyer was the prosecutor, having rendered our verdict of not guilty, in accordance with the direction of the Court, because of the technical failure of proof of publication, do with great cordiality and perfect unanimity say that before them the charge made against him of improper conduct at the Camp-meeting near Yeisley's, in the county of Union, in the summer of 1878, was wholly unsustained, that the Rev. Peter C. Weidemyer clearly showed, by the evidence, that the charge was unfounded and that the said Rev. Peter C. Weidemyer came out of it with an unspotted character and unsullied reputation. We do this at our own suggestion and with a desire to vindicate the character of one whom we regard as entirely innocent.

"John Rishel, T. V. Harbeson, Jacob Gutelius, Daniel Rishe, Jno. V. Barber, John Oldt, Thos. Reber, W. H. Schrack, Daniel Smith, Geo. P. Noll, Noah Hoffman, J. C. Irvine."

—All well regulated families go to Sechlers for their groceries, because they get the best and freshest goods there.

—The farmers of this section have commenced to plow.

—"Our Little Ones" for April is at hand; its illustrations and reading are just of the kind to set the little folks half crazy with delight.

—FOR SALE.—A Howe Sewing Machine, warranted in good order, at this office. Has drop leaf and our drawers. tf

—First class, fresh mackerel, all grades, full weights, and cheap, at Sechler's grocery, headquarters for the finest and best fish.

—Singers will be interested in the "Howard Method," advertised in this paper. Many of the leading vocalists have been taught by Mr. Howard, who has been established in New York for many years, and always meeting with great success. Read the advertisement.

—Warner's Safe Kidney Cure, which has gained a good reputation for all kidney diseases, such as Bright's disease, Diabetis, also Liver and Urinary diseases, for sale at the Centre Hall drug store. 2 mar 5t

GRAND OPENING! AT CENTRE HALL.

A NEW STORE is opening in the Hotel Stand, by JOHN MULLEN, well known to all in this section. He has on hand a GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF MERCHANDISE, one of the most complete stocks of goods in the valley. ALL NEW STOCK, consisting of dry-goods, cloths, cassimeres, latest styles of ladies dress goods, Ready-made Clothing for men and boys, groceries pure and fresh, fish, salt, glassware, queensware, and in short everything usually kept in a store. It will be MULLEN'S CHEAP STORE; in every sense of the word. Goods guaranteed at lowest prices, and the highest prices allowed for all kinds of produce. Call and see for yourselves. tf.

MADISONBURG ITEMS.

Johnathan B. Shafer, one of our most enterprising citizens, has made the first move in laying a new pavement in this place.

A thunder clap from a clear sky could not have astonished our community any more than the sad news which flew from door to door like wild fire on last Tuesday morning, 14, viz, that Jacob Lose had fallen from a building and died from the effect. Mr. Lose was a man that Madisonburg was proud of and we all extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and child.

Rev. W. H. Stover, Evangelical Pastor of Madisonburg, left on Tuesday, 14, for Beavertown, Snyder county, where he will take charge of a new flock. We sincerely hope that his efforts will be crowned with the same result there as they were here at Madisonburg circuit.

It is now an established fact that a new Lutheran church will be erected in this place in the summer of 1883. Cornelius Stover, the celebrated brick maker, is manufacturing the brick.

Ira Shafer's new stock of goods has created a sensation. MILES.

Peruna by giving health also gives beauty.

The report of a snow slide at Genos, Nev., is confirmed. Three white persons and several Indians were killed.

The small-pox epidemic at South Bethlehem, Pa., is under control. Eighteen deaths in a short time; new cases discovered.

Two boys quarrelled about a girl in Wheeling, W. Va. One shot the other through the heart, killing him. Murderer arrested.

It is reported that Austria and Germany have made arrangements for joint resistance to a Russian attack made upon either of them.

Reports from Memphis and other places in the South state that the Mississippi is slowly falling at all points. The government commissioners were busily relieving destitute sufferers.

Washington, March 19.—Mr. Scoville has expressed his firm determination to retire from the Guiteau case immediately after the bill of exceptions is signed. He thinks the bill will not be completed and signed for several weeks.

Boston *Globe*:—"There are parents who never study the characters of their children, and who force them into professions for which they have no aptitude or qualification. The result is that the best years of their lives are lost and they drift about as jacks-of-all-trades. They have lost their ambition, their incentive to well directed effort, and they consequently become drones in the hive of industry. They are not so much to blame as their parents."

The father of Lieutenant Danenhower of the Jeannette expedition, has received letters from him in which he says the rescued boat crew had travelled seven hundred miles over the ice from the ship to the mouth of the Lena; then landed in shoal water, and were compelled to wade two miles to land. They were still one hundred miles from shelter and succor, and endured extreme sufferings, the Lieutenant being up five days and four nights at one time without rest. Out of the thirty-three composing the Jeannett's crew, but thirteen are known to be living, and one is known to be dead. It is a sad ending of the expedition at best.

At Sugar Run, Clinton county, on Saturday morning, at the residence of Sam'l Wren, an overcoat was accidentally thrown to the floor. In the pocket of the coat was a loaded revolver, which was discharged by the fall, the ball striking Mr. Wren's daughter, aged 19. It entered four inches below the spine, between the tenth and eleventh ribs, and though dangerous is not necessarily a fatal wound.

MOULDERS ON A STRIKE.

Troy, N. J., March 23.—Seven hundred moulders are now on a strike here. All the moulding shops but one or two closed to-day and 2,000 men are thrown out of employment.

A $20.00 BIBLICAL REWARD.

The publishers of Rutledge's Monthly offer ten valuable rewards in their Monthly for April, among which is the following:

We will give $20 00 in gold to the person telling us which is the middle verse in the New Testament Scriptures by April 10th, 1882. Should two or more correct answers be received the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner April 15, 1882. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the May Monthly, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published. This may be worth $20.00 to you; cut it out. Address—RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

If you have the least uneasiness in your stomach Peruna will immediately correct the function.

JONATHAN MOYER EXPIATES HIS CRIME—HIS LAST MOMENTS

[Special to the Sun and Banner.]

Middleburg, Pa., March 24.—This morning, at this place, at 11.26, occurred the first hanging that ever took place in Snyder county. The principal actor in the sad affair being Jonathan Moyer, one of a party of four persons, who, on the night of December 8th, 1877, brutally murdered John and Gretchen Kintzler, an old German couple, who resided at the time of their untimely death in Adams township, Snyder county. The object of the murder was for the purpose of securing a sum of money that the aged folks had secreted in the house.

Early in the morning the people from the surrounding country began flocking into town, and this number augmented by those who arrived on the early morning train from Sunbury swelled the number to large proportions; and when the hour of the execution arrived, there was an immense crowd around the jail. The morning opened up with a threatening aspect, the sky being over-cast with dark clouds. Notwithstanding the gloominess of the outside world, the prisoner inside of the walls was as bright and cheerful as he could be. He passed a peaceful night, arose about six o'clock, and partook of a hearty breakfast at 10.30

At 8 o'clock Rev. Reed, of the Lutheran church, Rev. Edmunds, of the German Reformed church, and Revs. S. Shindle and Harrold, of the Lutheran and Evangelical pursuasion, entered his cell, and began devotional exercises.

At about 7.30 o'clock ex-Sheriff Daniel Bolender, who has served three terms, came out of the prison, mounted the scaffold and addressed those present, which numbered about one hundred and fifty, who stood upon a row of benches, one above the other, which had been erected. He said that he hoped all present would preserve order, that it was a solemn occasion, and he would appoint each one present a deputy sheriff.

PROCESSION TO THE SCAFFOLD,

The sheriff then left the scaffold, went into the prison, the procession passed out at 10.55, in the following order: Sheriff Reichley, Ex Sheriff Bolendor, the prisoner, Revs. Reed and Edmunds. The prisoner mounted the scaffold with a firm step, not a tremor. Short religious services were held, the prisoner joining in. The Lord's prayer was then said, after which the Sheriff asked the prisoner whether he had anything to say. He stepped forward to the front of the scaffold, and in a firm voice spoke as follows:

THE PRISONER'S CONFESSION.

"Toward evening, Saturday, December 8th, I left the house and went down to Uriah's house; here I helped Emanuel Ettinger to put away the butcher things; Emanuel told Luce, Uriah's wife, to get me a glass of wine; we soon started for my house; as we were going along Emanuel said to me that he had something to tell me; that is if I promised not to tell; I made him the promise that he wanted, and then he told me that they had killed the Kintziers, and that they were going to rob them to-night and wanted me to go along; that if we did not get the money, somebody else would; at last I consented to go along; we then went to my house, and told the women, that is my wife and Mary Hartley, that we were going out after rabbits, and if they wanted they could go along. They got ready and we started, when we came near Uriah's house, Emanuel went and told Uriah. He came and then we took the mountain roads and made our way to old Kintzler's. We met old Erb near the house. The old man had been shot at a wood pile where blood was found, and the old woman had been killed and dragged into the house and hid there near the partition. We proceeded to hunt the money and then divided it. I got twenty-five dollars, of which I only spent two dollars; my conscience troubled me and I hid the rest in a mountain. We then set fire to the premises. The rest you know."

The Sheriff asked if any one present wanted to ask any questions. If so he had a liberty to do so. A cousin of Moyer's then began a rambling cross-examination, when Smith, one of the prisoner's council, said: "In the name of God and humanity and justice, I protest." To a question of Smith's, Moyer replied: "There were only three present at the time of the murder." The preacher bade him good-bye at 11.10.

THE LAST MOMENT.

Ex-Sheriff Bolender then pinioned the prisoner. The Sheriff placed the white cap on, and at 11.26 the Sheriff pulled the lever, and Jonathan Moyer dropped into eternity.

The rope was about five-eighths of an inch thick and the drop was only thirty-two inches. Death was caused by strangulation. After the drop fell, Drs. Wagonseller, of Selingrove, and Shindley, of Middleburg, took the time of the pulse. The first minute it rose to 100; at ten and one half minutes after the drop fell they pronounced the body dead. It was taken charge of by his cousin, Joseph Moyer, when it will be taken this afternoon to Adamstown, this county, for interment. The sermon will be preached on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock by Rev. Edmunds.

Moyer was dressed in a dark suit and wore slippers. After the drop fell, he struggled slightly for about five minutes. The execution was a success in every particular. He forgave all his enemies. He kissed Attorney Grimm good-bye as he left his cell.

HANGING OF THE RUMBERGERS.

Frank and Henry Rumberger, the murderers of Daniel Troutman, in Dauphin county, in November, 1883, were hung at Harrisburg on the 24 inst. This case has attracted considerable attention, and the contradictory stories related by the Rumbergers respectively concerning the murder, made them the subject of great investigation by the Board of Pardons. Troutman was an old man and was supposed to have some money. The original intention of the murderers was to rob the old man. But circumstances turning out unfavorable to them, they killed, though they claimed unintentionally.

Early on the morning of the 24th, both young men were attended by their spiritual advisers, who gave them all the comfort possible. Each adhered to his story, though each one acknowledged that he was a party to the crime. At 10 30 o'clock they were taken from their cells, and the solemn procession marched towards the scaffold. Neither of the men betrayed any fear. Henry was the first to mount the steps.

Frank was muttering a prayer, his eyes closed, his hands clasped and his face pale and colorless. Henry looked all about him. Then he looked at the rope which hung dangling by him, and reaching up he caught hold of the knot and supported himself by it. Rev. Heilman accompanied them in the Lord's prayer, and after that neither said a word. Handcuffs were placed upon them, and their legs were secured by heavy straps. The knot on each noose was then run down and the rope placed around their necks, Henry obligingly holding his head to one side that the knot might be placed under his left ear. Two white caps were produced in an instant, and were then drawn down over their heads resting on their shoulders. The Sheriff's party left the platform, and as Sheriff Sheesley got about half way down the steps he pressed his hand against the brass knob, there was a crash as the support flew out, a flash as the two white caps dropped, and Henry and Frank Rumberger were dangling at the rope's end. It was all done very quickly, decently and in order. Frank's body twitched, and his arms and legs quivered convulsively. Henry's body heaved, his shoulders went up and down for a few moments and then settled quietly. The jerk of the ropes disarranged the white caps just a little, exposing the neck and chin of each man. From the position of the heads it was conjectured that the necks were not broken. They were pronounced dead in fifteen minutes.

JOHN A. NEVELING'S PENALTY.

He Exhibits a Knife Upon the Scaffold.

Clearfield, March 24.—John A. Neveling was hanged here at 10 21, for the murder of Samuel Pennington in February, 1880. The drop fell at 10.27 and at 10.40 Neveling was pronounced dead. His neck was broken and he died without a struggle. The prisoner accompanied by the Sheriff and minister, ascended the scaffold and after prayer by his spiritual advisers, Neveling took leave of all. When asked by the Sheriff if he had anything to say, the condemned man said: "Gentlemen, you have all come here to see me execute; I see your bright faces and sparkling eyes; the devil prompted me to use a dagger; the devil gave it to me to show you; I will prove that the devil told me to use it but I would not do it." He then drew forth a dagger, which was made from a case knife, and which he had concealed on his person and struck it in the floor of the scaffold. The dagger was ten inches in length. Neveling talked for four minutes, but, owing to the high wind, his words could not be heard.

Part of a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic cured me of rheumatism. My dyspeptic wife got so much relief from the balance that she tried another bottle, and now we can truly say we have never had better [illegible]h.—A Boston Mechanic.

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE

A Reminiscence of the Early History of the Juniata Valley.

From the Altoona Tribune.

The early settlers of the Juniata valley had many and thrilling adventures with the aborigines. These settlers were mainly of Scotch-Irish descent and were hardy, active and often intelligent. They encountered vast difficulties, disappointments and dangers in reclaiming the primeval forests from the dominion of the savages who roamed at will over or made depredatory incursions into these now peaceful and thriving valleys. Often they were driven out or murdered by predatory bands of Indians, and only those who had a knowledge of or were skilled in the cunning and treachery of the red man were able to successfully defy these raids and hold their ground.

Among these was Judge Wm. Brown, who was among the first settlers of the Kishacoquillas valley, in Mifflin county. True, there were isolated individuals who entered the valley previously to his appearance and settlement near what was for many years known as Brown's mills, but is now absorbed under the title of Reedsville, but were driven out by the Indians. Judge Brown settled in the valley about the year 1767, or 1768. He was at the land office in Harrisburg, as appears of record, in the year 1768, at which time he entered the land which was subsequently occupied by his descendants for more than three quarters of a century, but has, within the last twenty-five years, passed into the hands of others. Strange, indeed, are the vicissitudes of fortune, when it is noted that one of the finest of these farms is now owned by a man who, forty years ago, plastered a house for one of Judge Brown's grandchildren.

But to our story. After Judge Brown had erected his cabin, near where the grist mill now stands above Reedsville, he started out to view "the landscape o'er." He bent his steps toward the bottom land lying between Tea creek and the west branch of the Kishacoquillas, crossing the latter and continuing his observations of the land lying at the base of Jack's mountain and the main creek. While thus engaged he suddenly came upon a roving band of Indians. He had no sooner observed the savages than they recognized him. The surprise and astonishment was mutual between the parties and for a moment each was at a loss what course to take.

The problem was soon solved by Judge Brown, who beat a hasty retreat toward the creek. The Indians gave immediate chase, but they had a foeman to encounter who was as wily as themselves and as full of stratagems. Judge Brown was a tall, slender man, wiry and as fleet on foot almost as a deer. His pursuers at first made no perceptible gain on the Judge and he reached the creek considerably in advance of his enemies. He entered the creek at a point where the east branch of the Kishacoquillas forms a junction with the other two branches. Instead of crossing to the opposite shore he waded up the stream, on the west side, a few yards when he espied a large sycamore tree standing on the bank, into this he forced his body and concealed himself. The bank of the stream was heavily fringed with a thick undergrowth which thoroughly concealed the opening from the land side.

The Indians dashed into the stream and crossed to the opposite shore. They saw in the west bank the footprints of the white man, but they could nowhere on the east side find any trace where he had emerged from the water. They searched the ground faithfully, but their cunning and skill to discover the trail was in vain. The Indians were non-plused and reconsidered the stream. They passed and repassed the place of Judge Brown's concealment. He could distinctly hear their footsteps and their astonishment in language as to what had become of the white man.

It was moments of awful suspense and dread to Judge Brown, but he maintained quiet and kept up his courage. Finally his foes gave up the search; he no longer heard their steps or conversation. As a matter of precaution he did not deem it safe to venture out of his place of concealment, though his quarters were quite uncomfortable. He was compelled to assume a standing position, which he occupied from early in the forenoon until a late hour at night. When he voluntarily released himself from his involuntary imprisonment the savages were no longer heard or seen, and he wended his way to his cabin. He subsequently fell in with Logan and in him he had a warm friend and protector until the Indians ceased to make raids into the valley, and Logan went to seek better hunting grounds.

The tree in which Judge Brown took refuge braved the storms which swept down the valley and the tooth of time for nearly a hundred years after. For fifty years before it fell into the stream and was flooded away by the flood, it was a branchless trunk some thirty feet in height. No axman seemed sufficiently audacious to hasten its decay and destruction, but it stood forth as a hallowed memento of the past, cherished as a relic which saved the life of one of the first settlers of the Kishacoquillas valley. Its companions were felled around it, and the undergrowth had withered away, but the venerable trunk of many centuries was left to its own dissolution in its own time.

THE ITEMS OF EXPENSE PROBABLY TO BE MADE PUBLIC.

Washington, March 20.—It seems probable that the attempt to suppress the items of the expense incurred for the Garfield funeral on the part of the House of Representatives will not succeed. The reports, one in lump, another in items, are likely to be the consequence. Claims have been audited amounting to over $8,000, while bills to more than an equal amount are unadjusted. One item of expense is $1,700 for liquors, wines, and lunches at Wormley's $300 being for "whiskey cock tails" alone. Twelve hundred gloves is another item, and authenticated reports are in circulation that the excursion was more like an unlicensed pleasure party than a formal journey of respect to the late President.

Items for carriage hire are numerous at extraordinary rates, and it is indisputable that members of Congress, participating as mourners on the train, where whiskey and campagne flowed freely, afterward handed in itemized bills of expenses otherwise incurred. It was a most extraordinary funeral cortege. It took the Sergeant-at-arms two months to gather the items, and, such items probably never were before heard of.

It is understood that certain members of the committee agree in the view that they ought not to be parties to such a scandal by covering it up, and that the only way is to let the whole truth come out. After what has come out, nothing will be gained by keeping back any part of the outrageous performance.

NINETY-TWO FATAL CASES,

South Bethlehem, Pa., March 24.—Three deaths have occurred form small-pox since yesterday and one new case was reported. The statistics at the health office show up to this time that there have been a total of 154 cases. Ninety two of these cases have proven fatal and three are convalescent.

A full feeling after meals, dyspepsia, heartburn, and general ill health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

DEATH OF THE POET LONGFELLOW.

Cambridge, Mass., March 24.—The Poet Longfellow died at his home to-day. He had been suffering from a complication of complaints but the illness which proved fatal was peritonitis set in last Saturday. He celebrated his 75 birthday February 27th. The church bells of Cambridge are now tolling.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Excelsior! At last the mystic word,
Which erst from thy pen's point has stir'd
To deepest depths a Christian world
Has come to thee;
Set thy soul free
From toil's trite trammals and unfurl'd
Thy banner mid Archangels' minstrelsy.

Excelsior! Aye, ever thus thy soul
Has sweetly phrased the long death roll;
Has breath'd in hope, in faith and love,
Supreme in each,
That thou might's reach
With passport Paradise, and prove
Reward waits those who practice what they preach.

Excelsior! Never from purer breast
Well'd wilder wail of fierce unrest.
Oh, strange anomaly! for peace
A war cry loud;
The surging crowd
Above a cry that will not cease
Its clarion call though thy dear head is bow'd.
GEORGE D. HERBERT.

HOW GUITEAU MAKES FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY SELLING PHOTOGRAPHS.

St. Louis, March 18.—An editorial letter from Washington in the *Post-Dispatch* gives a long account of a recent visit to Guiteau in his cell. The writer says that Guiteau does not look like any of his photographs, nor does he resemble descriptions given of him by reporters. He is, the letter says, a very commonplace person, and manifests great eagerness to get money and presents. There are no signs of lunacy. He is allowed to sell his photographs and autographs; and is receiving nearly $50 per day. Most of his money he sends to his publisher, Gibson, who is getting out another edition of his book, "Truth," at the author's expense. He has also given some money to his sister for things she sent him. Last week he sent $100 to Scoville, his lawyer, $50 to his brother in Boston, and $200 to his publisher. He handles greenbacks like a bank teller, and talks about different points and features of his photographs precisely as if he were behind a counter selling ribbons or lace. Referring to Guiteau's insanity, the writer says:

The only exception to the man's perfectly rational and commonplace talk during the visit was when the name Gorham, editor of the *National Republican*, was mentioned. Guiteau immediately changed his manner, and broke out in a furious attack. With clenched fists, arm raised, and gesticulating, he cried out, as loud as his voice allowed, that these Stalwart papers were abusing Garfield until God's man came to remove him and now they abuse God's man. This outburst was short however, and after it he was again all calmness and business. Evidently he thinks he will not hang. He seems hopeful that in some way he will, to use his own language, "get relief." He is allowed to read all the New York and Washington newspapers, and knows the change of public sentiment about Garfield. He seems to be delighted at the publication of the Rosecrans letter. He is, he says, well satisfied with his life, whatever be the end. He lives comfortably; has two cells—one to sleep in, the other as a sort of an office—in the most elegant jail I ever saw; feels his importance and notoriety, enjoys ease, and, for the first time in his life, a regular and ample income. The wretch feels, that, even if he be hung, he has cut a figure in the world. The extraordinarily kind and generous treatment of the Government makes his last days the happiest and most comfortable of his whole life. Certainly no one can see his surroundings and observe his life without being touched by the remarkable charity and consideration with which this miserable assassin is allowed to transform the prison to a place of luxury and comfort, money-making and notoriety-seeking.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in the office, for the inspection of heirs, and legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 26th day of April, A. D., 1882, for confirmation and allowance:

1 First and final account of Nathan J Mitchell, administrator of, &c, of E J Hogan, late of Howard borough, deceased,

2 First and final account of John T Lucas, administrator of, &c, of Boze F Lucas, late of Curtin township, deceased.

3 Second and partial account of Geo. Bower and Samuel Evert, executors of Jacob Evert, late of Penn township, deceased.

4 The final account of D F McMonigal, executor of, &c, of S H McMonigal, late of Taylor twp., deceased.

5 The final account of John Wentzel, guardian of Mary Jane Wentzel, late of Taylor twp., deceased.

6 First account of John Null, administrator of &c, of the estate of Samuel Null, late of Benner township, deceased.

7 The fifteenth annual report of Daniel Rhoads and John Irwin, Jr., surviving trustees under the will of Wm. A Thomas, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased.

8 The account of Michael S Feidler, and Polly Royer, administrators of &c, of George W Royer, late of Miles township, deceased.

9 The final account of Alex. G Archey, administrator of &c, of John G Archey, late of Ferguson township, deceased.

10 The first and final account of John H Orndorff, one of the administrators of &c, of Elizabeth Orndorff, late of Marion township, deceased, as filed by H H Vanduke, the committee.

11 The final account of S R Pringle, executor of &c, of Benjamin Vaughen, late of Taylor township, deceased.

12 The first and final account of W L Wilson, guardian of W H Wrye, now deceased, D G Wrye, Blair Wrye and Harry Wrye, minor children of Lydia Wrye, late of Hallmon township, deceased.

13 The account of David Sharer and Christ. Decker, administrators of &c, of John L Rockey, late of Spring township, deceased.

14 The account of David Sharer, trustee to sell real estate of John L Rockey, late of Spring township, deceased.

15 The first and partial account of Henry Mark, executor of &c, of the last will and testament of George Mark, late of Gregg township, deceased.

16 The account of Mary L Macbride, executrix of &c, Isabella Pettet, late of the borough of Bellefonte, deceased.

17 The account of D H Rote, administrator of &c, of C H Held, late of Millheim borough, deceased.

18 The account of Jared Harper and D H Rote, administrators of &c, of the estate of Thomas Crowmiller, late of Haines township, deceased.

19 Fourth partial account of Peter Hoffer, administrator of Hon. S S Wolf, late of Potter township, deceased.

20 The first and final account of J M Blair, executor of &c, of Wm. Blair, late of Howard township, deceased.

21 The first and partial account of W Spangler, executor of &c, of the last will and testament of Jacob Spangler, late of Potter township, deceased.

22 The account of Thomas Dale, and John L Dale, executors of &c, of Felix Dale, late of College twp., deceased.

23 Supplemental and final account of Samuel Milliken, Jr., surviving executor of &c, of the estate of Thompson Milliken late of Bellefonte borough, deceased.

JAMES A. McCLAIN, Register.

CAUTION.—Having purchased the articles below at Constable's sale, formerly property of H. H. Rachau, I will leave them in the possession of the same at my pleasure, and caution all persons against meddling with the same, viz: One horse, 1 harness, 1 spring wagon, robe and blanket, fork, shovel, and all his personal property. DANIEL BARTGES,
30mar3t. Penn Hall.

NOTICE.

An opportunity for satisfactory and profitable employment suitable for almost any person, is offered by an enterprising firm who have just issued a low priced useful work for everybody, which they call the "THE POCKET MANUAL." Dr Tiffany says "it is an admirable work, constantly needed." The N. Y. Independent says "A sort of cyclopedia in the vest pocket." The Philad. Ledger says "It is surprising how much important matter has been stowed away in this convenient form." Our State Librarian says "I should think every one would want a copy."—Scores of others indorse it in equally emphatic terms, and all seem to agree with The National Journal of Education, which says "It is one of the most useful and convenient books ever published, in every respect a model, and the pith of many volumes." Town, City and County agents are wanted. Complete samples with terms &c. for $1.25, or particulars for stamp, by applying to F. C. RIFFEL & CO., 138 N. Ninth St. Philad.

We judge there is a good chance for some one to handle this work in this county. 9mar 5t

PUBLIC SALE.

Will be sold at public sale, at the residence of the undersigned, at Old Fort, on Tuesday, April 4, the following articles:

2 horses and 3 mares, one with colt, 1 cow, 1 heifer with calf, three head of young cattle, 10 head of hogs, Superior reaper and mower, 1 grain drill, hay rake, cornplanter, Millheim cultivators, plows, different kinds, 3 harrows, 2 bobsleds, 2 two-horse wagons, 2 four-horse wagons, 2 sets hay ladders, Centre Hall threshing machine, horse-power and shaker, new bar-shear plow, good Putney windmill, Lewisburg cutting box, for horse or hand power, 1 hayfork, ropes and pullies, 4 sets horsegears, plowgears, bridles, collars, 2 saddles, set of double harness, rakes, forks, and chains, a lot of Crosby's Improved Rubber bucket chain pumps, kegs, 1 selffeed radiant cook-stove, 300 bushels corn in the ear, three or four tuns of good timothy hay, one tripple Harpoon hayfork, lot of cowchains, one wagon hoister, one new Buckeye reaper and mower with table rake, 12 bushels of seed potatoes.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.
JOHN H. ODENKIRK.
16mar2m Bellefonte, Pa.

MARRIED.

On 16th March, by Rev. Koser, Mr. Alf. Garmer and Miss Adeline E. Corl, both of Ferguson.

DIED.

On the 19th inst., in Haines township, Jacob Stover, aged 80 years, 5 months, and 27 days.

In Millheim, March 28, 1882, John D. Foote, aged about 58 years.

By the death of Bro. Foote Millheim looses one of her best citizens, the church one of her most faithful pillars and the family a kind, effectionate and loving father. He leaves a family of eight orphan children. May He who holds the destinies of all in his own hand be more than an earthly father to them. Peace to his ashes. B.

On the 23 inst., near Centre Hall, Eli Horner, aged 71 years, 5 months and 7 days. Deceased had suffered for a number of years from cancer in the face, which caused his death.

On Sunday evening, 26 inst., at Centre Hall, Bertha, daughter of David K. and Sarah Geuss, aged 7 years, 8 months and 2 days.

Bertha was about yet on Saturday, only complaining of a cold. Towards evening showed signs of illness, and on Sunday her case turned into a serious one of congestion of the lungs, from which she died a little before 7 p. m. Bertha was a good little girl and beloved by all her companions. She suffered much on Sunday, but died with a smile for those around her bedside. What makes this bereavement all the more sad for the family, was the absence of the father in the west, who left her a week before in health but returns to find that her spirit had taken its flight to the reims of bliss.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BERTHA.

[*Read to her schoolmates by her Teacher.*]

Little Bertha, yes, has left us,
Gone to be with Jesus blest,
In that bright and golden city,
There to dwell in peace and rest.

Sweet blue eyes late brightly beaming,
Now are closed in death's long rest,
And her dimpled hands are folded,
Meekly folded on her breast.

Bertha, tender little flower,
Jesus called her—and He knows
Why He plucks the tender rose bud
Before the drooping, withered rose.

Yes, the angles bright have met her,
Bade her welcome to that home,
From whose fair and blessed portals,
She will never wish to roam.

On her head a crown of glory
Sparkles, dazzling to the sight,
While in spotless robes of beauty
They have decked her form of light.

Think how blest your schoolmate Bertha
Freed from sorrow, sin and woe,
And though you miss her in the school-room
You'll not wish her here below.

And, maybe, her little spirit
Hovers now around you here,
Gently beckons you to follow—
She's so sweetly happy there.

Hear you not those childish accents
Sweetly falling soft and low?
"Do not mourn for me dear schoolmate,
I'm a little angel now."

There's her little seat now empty,
Save the flowers there arranged,
To remind us of the parting
And the loss that we sustained.

But although we know that Bertha
No'er again will meet us here,
Yet we know, if we love Jesus
Soon we all shall meet her there.

So dear children do not sorrow,
In this parting we sustain,
For you know that our *loss* is
Schoolmate Bertha's happy gain.

March 27, 1882.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license in the Office of the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for Centre county, and that application will be made at the next Sessions of said Court to grant the same:

Daniel Garman,	Bellefonte	Boro.	Tavern.
C G McMillen,	do.	do.	do.
Frank X Lehman,	do.	do.	do.
John Anderson,	do.	do.	Eating H
Fred Smith,	do.	do.	do.
Jno. Ramsdale,	Philipsburg	Boro.	Tavern
Robert Loyd,	do.	do.	do.
C A Faulkner	do.	do.	do.
James Passmore,	do.	do.	do.
T J Meyers,	do.	do.	do.
Thomas Pearson,	do.	do.	E House.
George E Parker,	do.	do.	Saloon,
W S Musser,	Millheim	Boro.	Tavern
Jonathan Kreamer,	do.	do.	do.
J H Odenkirk,	Potter township,		do.
David J Meyer,	do.	do.	do.
Joseph Kleckner,	Penn township,		do.
George B Nason,	Gregg township,		do.
George Miller,	do.	do.	do.
Jeffrey Hayes,	Rush township,		do.
John G Uzzie,	Snow Shoe twp.		do.
George Defarmer,	do.	do.	E House.
Gotlieb Haag,	Spring township,		Tavern,
H G Shaffer,	Haines township,		do.
Joel Kling, Jr.,	Marion township,		do.
Jacob Cooke,	Howard Borough,		do.
Emanuel Brown,	Miles township,		Saloon.
Henry Robb,	Walker township,		Tavern.

WISE WORDS.

A lie always marries early, and almost always has a large family.

Money in the pocket of a spendthrift is like a sword in the hand of a fool.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

Don't think there is something radically wrong about the world because it don't run according to your notion. There are thousands who think the same.

In order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency but more than a sufficiency.

A swimmer becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the big waves. If you practice always in shallow water your heart will assuredly fail in the hour of high flood.

No man ever took hold of a godly life as men take hold of a secular life, and followed it up with such persistence as men employ in a secular life, that he did not, by augmenting knowledge and progressive steps, rise to the realm of spirituality in religion.

When men in high places stoop to association with vice and crime they cannot expect to remain untainted; often, to save themselves, they seek to fasten their guilt upon the innocent, but deception is a tangled, as well as dangerous, web, and sooner or later its votaries are caught in their own foul meshes.

One perfect diamond is more valuable than many defective ones. One truth well fixed in the mind and comprehended is better than many half understood. A small opportunity fully realized is better than a great one misimproved. The wealth of affectionate sympathy and aid is better than gold, and fills the soul with most perfect peace. Faithfulness lays up treasures in the heavens which nothing can injure and no one remove.

Flowers from the Down of Butterflies.

Mr. E. Griffith, one of the greatest microscopic fanciers in the United States, who, in addition to being honored by having several societies named for him, is an inventor and collector of microscopic curiosities, was found by a St. Louis *Republican* reporter at the Southern hotel.

"Have you anything of interest, Mr. Griffith," inquired the reporter, "to tell the world about the hobby you have been riding so long?"

"Yes," he answered, as he walked to a table standing in the center of the room, upon which lay his pet microscope, a very powerful instrument, when standing, "I have several things to tell, some of which are not known outside of the profession I represent. Here is a slip of glass for instance," he continued, as he picked up a narrow glass slide, "which contains the representation of a beautiful bouquet of flowers. The representation, when examined with the naked eye, can scarcely be seen at all. It simply looks like a small spot. This bouquet, when you look at it through the instrument, contains, as you can discover, eighty-two di tinct flowers of various shades and colors, and each is as perfect as it would be possible for an artist to represent them on canvas. The entire bouquet, including all the flowers, leaves, etc., was made from the scale and hair of Brazilian butterflies. The dust from the wings of the butterflies was picked up and placed in position by Harold Dalton, of London, who is now dead. Dalton, with the aid of a microscope, picked up one particle of the dust at a time on the end of a hair and adjusted it on the slide in such a manner that when his task was finished the bouquet assumed its present beautiful and perfect form."

"Dalton must have been a genius in his line, was he not?"

"Yes, although he was dissipated, he excelled most of his imitators in his peculiar line of ark. Among microscopists his works are prized as highly as the works of the great masters in painting are prized by artists who work on canvas. A painter who can paint a complete scene on a surface as small as a sleeve button is considered skillful, yet Dalton used a single hair for a brush and dealt with particles of matter scarcely visible to the naked eye, which he placed in their respective positions with the aid of his microscope with such accuracy that he finally produced his representations, which are so correct in every detail that artists who have examined them critically have been almost overcome with astonishment. This is what I call one of the wonderful achievements of the century?"

"How long did it take him to make the bouquet?"

"He was a fast worker, and by laboring almost constantly he could finish it, I think, in the course of a week or ten days."

A Boy's Heroism.

During the recent cross-examination of John H. Leeds before a railroad committee in New Haven, the interesting fact was brought to light that Mr. Leeds had a life pass over the New York and New Haven road, given him for a courageous deed performed thirty-three years ago. On the evening of June 24, 1849, Leeds was watering his father's cattle in a brook near the railroad. While there he heard the puff of an engine behind the hills, and boy-like sat on the fence to wait for it to go by. Presently he heard a train coming from the opposite direction. It was a single track road, and he saw at once there would soon be a collision unless prevented. Without an instant's hesitation he bounded on to the track cap in hand, in front of the coming locomotive. He stood his ground till the engine was almost on him, and he lost part of his jacket in jumping aside. The engineer understood his meaning and stopped the train. The two trains were brought to a halt within about two rods of each other. The company presented Leeds with a handsome silver cup, a life pass and a complimentary letter. When young Leeds was ready to leave the farm the directors gladly engaged him, and the simple occurrence of that calm June evening near his country home has had much to do with directing the course of one of the most successful men of the State.

Petticoat Lane.

A Londoner bought in Petticoat Lane, which is famous for its tags, rags and bob-tails on sale, a coat in exchange for his own, paying in addition several shillings for the bargain. The coat not suiting him, he carried it back and exchanged it on payment of additional shillings, for an apparently smoother and nicer one, which fitted him exactly. On getting home and putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a pawnbroker's ticket. It was his own, held against his watch. The nice new coat was the old one which he wore there the first time, and which had been cleaned, pressed and sold to him again for about twice what it was worth.

Another of these tricks—which every one except those on whom they are played enjoys so much—was recently played on a German innkeeper by a peddler who sold him an almanac, and then, on his wife's coming in and her husband's going out, sold her another copy. When the husband discovered it he sent the porter to the railroad station to tell the peddler he wanted to see him on business.

"Oh, yes,' said the peddler; "I know, he wants one of my almanacs, but I can't miss my train for that. You can give me a quarter and take the almanac to him." The porter paid the money and carried a third almanac to the innkeeper.

Mr. Tsu, one of the retiring Chinese legation at Washington, wished to remain, but his mother commanded him to return and in China the mother's command is law.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

AT Waterbury, Vt., Michael McCaffrie, aged fifty years, in a fit of insanity, killed his wife, of the same age, and his own mother, aged eighty years, and concealed their bodies in the cellar of his house.

SARAH BURR, an old woman who died recently in New York, has bequeathed $3,000,000 to institutions in the metropolis and other parts of the country.

MRS. MELVILLE, wife of Engineer Melville, of the Jeannette, has received a letter at her residence in Philadelphia from her husband, in which he expresses the belief that Commander De Long and the twelve men with him have perished.

RALSTON, McQUAIDE & Co., bankers, of Fairview, Pa., have suspended. The liabilities are between $200,000 and $300,000.

A BOILER explosion in Goodwin Brothers' shoe shop at Lynn, Mass., leveled the building, killed several men and injured others.

SMALLPOX assumed an epidemic form at South Bethlehem, Pa., 130 persons out of a population of 4,000 being down with the dread disease.

HAZAEL, winner of the recent champion pedestrian match in New York, departed suddenly and secretly from Philadelphia for England in order to escape the clutches of a deputy sheriff who was after him with an attachment issued in favor of a former trainer.

THE mouth of J. W. Clark & Co.'s mines near Pittsburg, Pa., is about three hundred yards from the Monongahela river, and the coal is brought in cars down a steep incline to a tipple at the water's edge, where the barges are loaded for shipment. The other day several men were standing on the tipple talking and awaiting the arrival of cars. Suddenly a loaded car broke loose at the head of the incline. It came whizzing down with fearful velocity and crushed into the tipple, instantly killing three men.

NINETEEN women graduated the other day from the Women's Medical college of Philadelphia.

SERGEANT MASON, convicted by court martial of shooting at the assassin Guiteau, has arrived at the Albany penitentiary. Resolutions asking executive clemency for him were proposed in the legislatures of New York and New Jersey.

ALL business was suspended and health officers were given police power at South Bethlehem, Pa., on account of the extraordinary spread of smallpox. Eighty-five houses contained 150 cases, and more than 1,000 persons left the village.

WILLIAM BRECKENRIDGE, a driver employed by a Brooklyn laundry, was caught in the machinery and whirled around. His hands and feet were torn off and he died in less than half an hour.

FREDERICK A. PALMER, late auditor of the city of Newark, N. J., has been sentenced to State prison for twenty years by Judge Depue, on eight indictments for obtaining about $220,000 from the city treasury on forged warrants.

THE captain and fourteen men of the ship Screamer, of New York, which foundered at sea, were landed at Provincetown, Mass., having been rescued by a Nova Scotian brig. Three men are known to have perished, and it is feared that a fourth was also drowned.

PROFESSOR BOSS, of Albany, N. Y., has verified the discovery of the first comet of the year, made by Charles S. Wells, of the Dudley observatory.

HENRY G. ROGERS, who was United States minister to the kingdom of Sardinia under the administration of President Van Buren, and one of the three surviving members of the Pennsylvania constitutional convention of 1837, died the other night in the Lancaster (Pa.) county almshouse, aged nearly eighty years.

MRS. HARRIET E. SPRAGUE, a young widow, while leaving a meeting at Cherryfield, Me., was killed by Chester Cunningham, who cut her throat. The murderer had been paying his victim attentions, and his crime was prompted by jealousy.

LABOR strikes are announced in various portions of the country. At Lawrence, Mass., the strike of the mill operatives assumed formidable proportions.

A CAR attached to a freight train jumped the track near Downingtown, Pa., and was run into by another freight train. The engine of the latter train and eight cars were thrown over an embankment thirty-three feet high and seven other cars filled with merchandise were completely wrecked. William Filley, engineer, was fatally injured, and C. Keeser, fireman, was killed.

South and West.

IN a charge made by the military upon a crowd at Omaha one workman was killed.

A WOMAN who had reached the extraordinary age of 106 years was burned to death in Indiana.

AT Jacksonville, Or., a deputy sheriff was shot and killed while protecting a prisoner from would-be lynchers.

CAPTAIN JAMES M. DAVIS, deputy United States revenue collector, and a celebrated raider of illicit distilleries, was waylaid by concealed parties and shot to death, about three miles from McMinnville, Tenn. Captain Davis was one of the most successful and daring men employed in the service of capturing moonshiners.

As the result of a notice issued by the presidents of the twelve coal companies in the George's Creek and Cumberland (Md.) region that a reduction of fifteen cents per ton would be made in wages, three thousand miners went on a strike. This strike, which is the largest ever known in that region, left two hundred and odd mines idle.

A JOINT resolution passed the Ohio legislature, with few dissenting votes, requesting President Arthur to pardon Sergeant Mason and restore him to the rank he formerly held in the army.

EX-MAYOR J. M. THURMOND and Robert E. Cowart, a prominent lawyer, both of Dallas, Tex., who had been bitter political opponents, met in the court-house in Dallas, and, after an exchange of ugly words, both men almost simultaneously drew their pistols. Cowart fired first, the ball passing through his antagonist's head and causing instant death.

HUNDREDS of deaths through drowning, exposure or starvation have taken place in the country flooded by the swollen Mississippi.

MARY ANN HERMANN, an inmate of the asylum for the insane at Charlestown, Indiana, died after refusing to take food for sixty-three days and twelve hours. She drank water freely.

FIVE boys dug a cave in a hillside near St. Joseph, Mo., and went into it to play. While they were thus engaged the bank caved in, crushing them all to death.

A MAN and his wife, a young lady and about ten Indians, were killed by a snowslide at Genoa, Nev.

A PARTY of masked men took from jail at Rawlins, Wyoming, James Lacy, Robert Reddick and William Carter, members of a gang of safe robbers, transferred them to the stock yards a mile east of town, and lynched Lacy and Reddick. Carter managed to escape.

THE Garfield Monument committee at Cleveland, Ohio, have issued an address saying that $106,000 has already been subscribed for a monument over the late President's grave; that $250,000 should be raised, and that to this end the committee have perfected arrangements in nearly all the States and Territories whereby all will be given an opportunity to contribute.

PETITIONS for the release of Sergeant Mason, who shot at Guiteau, have been signed by whole communities in the West.

AT the Dalies, Or., Tucson Langdon and a man in his employ named Harrison were arrested, charged with killing two men. A party of masked men overpowered the guard, shot Langdon dead and hanged Harrison to the trestle work of a bridge.

From Washington.

JUDGE SAMUEL BLATCHFORD, of New York, judge of the United States circuit court, was nominated by the President as associate justice of the United States supreme court. On the same day the President also nominated John Russell Young—the well-known journalist who accompanied General Grant in his tour around the world, writing up the trip for the New York *Herald*—as United States minister to China.

LETTERS from ex-Senator Conkling and Senator Edmunds declining the appointment of United States supreme court justice have been made public. Mr. Conkling says that for reasons which the President would not fail to appreciate, he is compelled to decline. Mr. Edmunds declines for reasons which, as he states in his letter to the President, he had expressed to Secretary Frelinghuysen.

THE Senate confirmed the nomination of William H. Scruggs, of Georgia, to be United States consul at Panama.

THE chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total values of the exports of domestic breadstuffs from the United States in February, 1882, were $11,173,239, and in February, 1881, $13,919,046; for the eight months ended February 28, $133,294,678, and for the same period the preceding year, $182,428,626.

CHARGES are made of gross mismanagement of the affairs of the Soldiers' home in Washington.

THE secretary of the treasury has issued three calls for bonds—continued sixes—to the amount of $15,000,000, payable in parcels of $5,000,000 each on May 3, 10 and 17, respectively.

UNDER directions from the state department Mr. Lowell, our minister to England, has asked from the British government a speedy trial for American citizens imprisoned in England.

GENERAL ROSECRANS has been elected chairman of the Democratic Congressional committee.

THE Senate to-day confirmed the following nominations: John Russell Young, of New York, minister to China; C. A. Logan, of Illinois, minister to Chili.

IN a communication to Congress the secretary of war estimates the number of persons rendered destitute by the Mississippi floods at 83,000, as follows: Missouri, 2,200; Illinois, 2,000; Kentucky, 800; Tennessee, 5,000; Mississippi, 30,000; Arkansas, 20,000; Louisiana, 25,000; and states that 713,000 rations have been distributed.

THE Senate committee on Territories adopted the House committee's bill for the admission of Dakota as a State in the Union as a substitute for the Senate bill on the same subject.

MR. BIGELOW, counsel for Sergeant Mason, in jail at Albany for shooting at Guiteau, is confident that the informalities which he has discovered in the organization of the court-martial and the failure to have Mason present at certain stages of the proceedings when his presence was essential, will invalidate the findings and sentence. Subscriptions for the benefit of Mason's family are being taken up in all the government departments, and the indications are that a large relief of the sufferers from the overflow of the Mississippi river and its tributaries; by Mr. Hubbell, to reduce internal revenue taxes, (it abolishes the stamp tax on bank checks, drafts, orders and vouchers; the tax on bank capital and deposits; the tax on matches, perfumery, medicinal preparations and other articles embraced in Schedule A, following Section 3,437 revised statutes, unless such medicinal bitters, cordials or other similar preparations shall contain twenty per cent. or more of proof spirits. It also reduces the tax on cigars from $6 to $5 a thousand, and makes the same reduction upon cigarettes weighing more than three pounds a thousand); by Mr. Manning, appropriating $5,000 for the erection of a monument over the grave of Thomas Jefferson, by Mr. Beach, appropriating $10,000, to be expended under the direction of the secretary of war, for the erection of a suitable memorial shaft at Washington's headquarters Newburg, N. Y., and also —— dollars to aid in defraying the expenses of the centennial celebration to be held at that place in 1883; by Mr. Cummings, the pension of the invalids of the army, and Washington's refusal to entertain the proposition to proclaim him king.

Foreign News.

QUEEN VICTORIA has written a letter returning thanks for the sympathy, expressed for her in England and elsewhere on the occasion of the recent attempt upon her life.

THE first anniversary of the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. was celebrated by a solemn service at the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Petersburg. Anniversary services were also held in Berlin, Paris, London and Constantinople.

THE report sent from Panama of the earthquake in Costa Rica was taken from an official dispatch which proves to have greatly exaggerated the disaster.

JAMES PYETT, an American engineer, with six Mexicans, while coming down a steep grade on a hand car on the National railroad, in Mexico, ran over a man while crossing a bridge. The car was thrown into a chasm. Pyett and three Mexicans were instantly killed, and others were fatally injured.

THE case of Dr. Lamson, an American, charged with the murder by poison of his young brother-in-law in England, has excited great interest in that country. Upon circumstantial evidence the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to death. Dr. George Henry Lamson took his degree of doctor of medicine at Paris in 1870. His practice was not remunerative, and while living in London he was compelled to borrow money from his friends. Percy Malcolm John, his wife's brother, was afflicted with spinal complaint. He was nineteen years old, and by the provisions of a will the sum of £3,500 would be divided between Mrs. Lamson and her sister, if the lad died before he came of age. On December 3, 1881, Dr. Lamson visited his brother-in-law and gave him some wine and gelatine capsules, in which he mixed what he said was sugar. The boy died that night after Dr. Lamson had gone away. It was subsequently discovered that the prisoner had bought, on November 24, two grains of aconite, and a bottle marked "poison" was found in his hotel. The post-mortem examination showed that death was caused by aconite.

FORTY cane fields in Cuba have been destroyed by fire.

FROM Mexico come reports of several severe earthquake shocks in different parts of the country.

IT is stated that the decisions of the St. Petersburg commission on the Jewish question in favor of compelling the Jews to quit rural districts, although ostensibly aimed at the prevention of persecution, will have the immediate effect of depriving a million people of homes and rendering their lives unbearable.

WHILE a band was parading the streets at Dunmanway, county Cork, Ireland, on St. Patrick's day, the police interfered and cleared the streets with loaded rifles. Several persons were arrested.

A LONDON dispatch says that an unusually large area of wheat is being sown in England. The weather has been extremely favorable and winter wheat is in splendid condition.

HEAVY rain storms in Brazil have caused great destruction of life and property. The towns of Sao Joao, Macahe, Paraty and Pirahi have been almost destroyed and many persons have been drowned.

THE Crystal Palace theater at Marseilles, France, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is $200,000. The actors had great difficulty in effecting their escape from the burning building. A fire broke out in the theater Demidoff, St. Petersburg, while a performance was in progress, and destroyed the building; but thanks to the coolness of a police official the audience all escaped.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Senate.

A report was made in regard to the extent of the suffering in the Mississippi valley, and a bill appropriating $100,000 was passed to aid those in distress....Mr. Call addressed the Senate upon Chili-Peru matters, as presented by his pending resolution in favor of a settlement of the controversy by the United States, and recommending a congress of governments of North, South and Central America in Washington to secure some just method of settlement of all questions between them, claiming that our commercial interests were to be substantially benefited by intervention to prevent the disintegration and practical extinction of Peru.

A bill appropriating $20,000 for a monumental column to commemorate the battle of Monmouth was passed....Mr. Garland spoke on the necessity of a levee system along the Mississippi river. Mr. Jonas, speaking in regard to the extent of the present inundation, said that a rough calculation he had made showed that the lands in Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana now under water or in daily danger of being submerged produced in 1880 a total of 750,063 bales of cotton, the value of which, at the ordinary market rate of $45 a bale, was $33,752,835. As to the sugar crop the water would cause its total destruction throughout the inundated region. He favored the appropriation of $15,000,000 to rebuild the levees. The bill was sent to the committee on the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

The House amendments to the Senate joint resolution making a further appropriation to relieve the sufferers by the Mississippi overflow were taken up, and the first, increasing the appropriation by $50,000, was concurred in. The other, which directs the use of a portion of the appropriation for the hire of laborers to strengthen threatened levees, was non-concurred in....Mr. Logan addressed the Senate upon the measure introduced by him to appropriate and expend the entire income derived from the internal revenue taxes on the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits for the education of all children living in the United States. He said the proposition was to distribute pro rata to the several States and Territories according to population as shown by the census returns, an amount aggregating under the present rate of taxation about $50,000,000 a year. The proposed distribution on the basis of population, he said, would give the Southern States nearly $10,000,000 a year for their schools. The bill was referred....On motion of Mr. Edmunds the Senate, by a vote of 40 yeas to 15 nays, passed an amendment to the postoffice appropriation bill restoring the franking privilege to Senators and Representatives.

Mr. Saunders, from the committee on Territories, reported with amendments the bill for the admission of Dakota, and said that he would ask its consideration at an early day. ...Mr. Hoar called up the resolutions recently reported from the committee on privileges and elections allowing Senators Butler and Kellogg $3,500 and $9,500 respectively, for expenses incurred by them in vindicating their titles to their seats. The resolution passed.

House.

A select committee on women suffrage, consisting of Messrs. Camp, White, Sherwin, Stone, Hepburn, Springer, Vance, Muldrow and Shackelford, was appointed....The speaker presented a memorial of the legislative assembly of Utah complaining of the baseless and monstrous exaggerations under which the people of Utah are placed in jeopardy and threatened with the deprivation of the right of local self-government; saying that the aim of the persons who have started these rumors is to gain control of the wealthy and prosperous Territory of Utah, and to manipulate its finances, and claiming to have succeeded in arousing the ire of the clergy and through them the anger of many people against the large majority of the people of Utah; and urging that it is impolitic and unstatesmanlike to disarm the political machinery of the commonwealth in an effort to punish the alleged offenses of a few individuals. Congress is therefore asked to suspend action upon Utah affairs until, by a committee of investigation, the facts are learned and a tangible foundation is laid for rational proceedings. The memorial was referred to the committee on judiciary....Mr. Butterworth, from the appropriations committee, reported the army appropriation bill, appropriating $27,431,698....Mr. Cox, of North Carolina, presented a bill proposing a constitutional amendment to prevent bigamy and polygamy within the States.

The Senate bill making an appropriation for the relief of the sufferers by the Mississippi river floods was amended and passed. As amended the bill appropriates $150,000, and authorizes the secretary of war to expend such part thereof as he may deem advisable for labor only in strengthening levees of the Mississippi where there is danger of immediate breaks at points in his discretion," etc.

Mr. Willis spoke in favor of and Mr. Taylor in opposition to the anti-Chinese bill....Upon motion of Mr. Belmont a resolution was passed that "the committee on foreign affairs be directed to demand from Jacob B. Shipherd, of New York, copies of all correspondence between himself and any person or persons whatsoever, and all other evidence in his possession tending to show what said Shipherd did or attempted to do to enforce the claims of the Peruvian company or to induce the United States to enforce these claims against Peru."

Under the call of States the following were among the bills, etc., introduced and referred: By Mr. King, appropriating $500,000 for the relief of the sufferers from the overflow of the Mississippi river and its tributaries; by Mr. Hubbell, to reduce internal revenue taxes, (it abolishes the stamp tax on bank checks, drafts, orders and vouchers; the tax on bank capital and deposits; the tax on matches, perfumery, medicinal preparations and other articles embraced in Schedule A, following Section 3,437 revised statutes, unless such medicinal bitters, cordials or other similar preparations shall contain twenty per cent. or more of proof spirits. It also reduces the tax on cigars from $6 to $5 a thousand, and makes the same reduction upon cigarettes weighing more than three pounds a thousand); by Mr. Manning, appropriating $5,000 for the erection of a monument over the grave of Thomas Jefferson; by Mr. Beach, appropriating $10,000, to be expended under the direction of the secretary of war, for the erection of a suitable memorial shaft at Washington's headquarters Newburg, N. Y., and also —— dollars to aid in defraying the expenses of the centennial celebration to be held at that place in 1883; by Mr. Cummings, the pension of the invalids of the army, and Washington's refusal to entertain the proposition to proclaim him king.

Effects of the Floods.

A New York *Herald* correspondent telegraphs from Little Rock, Ark., as follows: Your correspondent has just returned from a tour in Desha, Chicot and Ashley counties, which embrace a large portion of the overflowed districts. The stories of death, suffering and destruction of stock and property have not been overdrawn, but, on the other hand, the mirror has not been held up to nature as the facts warrant. Everywhere is desolation; every foot of the Delta, Opposite Arkansas City the Mississippi river is fully eighty miles wide, and the banks are but frail barriers against the encroaching current. Houses have been swept away, many lives lost, hundreds left in consequence of frost bite. The plantations almost destroyed, and many planters beggared.

There are not less than twenty plantations in the Lake Providence district, Louisiana, which is noted for its great fertility, 15,000 bales of cotton being annually raised upon it. The whole tract is completely submerged, and hundreds of tenants are left without shelter or food.

In Chicot county the loss of property and life is as great as o ewhere. Some fifteen persons have been drowned. There is not a planter in the county who is not a sufferer to a greater or less extent.

In Ashley county the situation is gloomy, many of the largest planters having been financially ruined. More than 1,000 people are on the verge of starvation in this county.

The Arkansas correspondent had an interview with Monroe Brown, a gentleman who had leased a large tract of land in Cypress Bend, Desha county, and who was living with his family in the bottoms when the Mississippi began to rise. Said he: "We were overflowed almost in a twinkling. The water poured into the house at every available space. It happened I had a mule hitched at the front gate, and, hurrying up my wife, who had a three months-old baby in her arms, I carried her out, wading into water up to my knees, and got on the mule. I knew there was a ridge some two miles east, and thought if I could only get there I would be safe. I picked up by a steamer. My wife was almost scared to death, but she's a plucky little woman, and so she didn't say anything until we got into deep water that carried the mule off his feet and forced it to swim. Then she began screaming, and when the animal saw the corpse of a negro floating on the water and began whirling round and round she fainted dead away and lay like lead in my arms. About that time I began to think we would perish, for in the excitement of the moment I had lost the course on which I had started, and as far as I could see there was nothing but a wide expanse of water and a current surging like a mill race. At last I seemed to be afloat in the center of a sea, with my wife unconscious in my arms and the infant slumbering serenely on her breast. Our combined weight taxed the strength of the faithful mule to the utmost, and just then it seemed on the point of sinking with exhaustion and I began to contemplate the possibility of a watery grave, I heard voices, and looking over my shoulder saw three colored men on a raft, which I soon boarded and came to my wife's aid and thus snatched us all from the very jaws of a terrible death. My mule floated down the current and was drowned. I wouldn't repeat that experience for all the wealth of the world."

Colonel G. W. Sappington, a prominent and wealthy planter, had likewise a trying ordeal in removing his family to a place of safety, and while thus employed himself Colonel Sappington said the scene once seen was never to be forgotten. The fleeing people, the waters sweeping everything before them, the roar of the rising waves—all formed a picture strange and weird as it was real and terrible. Many persons took refuge in trees until the boats picked them up, many were taken from the roofs of floating dwellings, while particles of houses drifting with the current marked the ruin of once happy homes.

Lieutenant S. C. Vedder, of the Nineteenth United States infantry, who was detailed oy the war department to investigate the condition of affairs in this State, was interviewed. He said he had been all through Southern Arkansas and found that the reports of suffering were not exaggerated in the least. "It was," said he, "too appalling to be exaggerated. The Mississippi river is higher than it has ever been before been known. At places along the railway in Desha county where the water was never known to reach in the past a strong current is sweeping. Three-fourths of Chicot and Desha counties is inundated, and at least 5,000 people in either county are in a state of destitution. Thus far the rations have not been properly issued. No one seems to be responsible."

A dispatch from New Orleans says: Above Vicksburg the low country from the Mississippi to the Yazoo river has been covered by the floods. The people, with such stock and property as they could save, are flocking to Vicksburg in the steamers. Red river and its chief tributary, the Ouachita, are almost everywhere over their banks, covering many plantations. Along all the streams and bayous that empty into Red river there is the same state of affairs, and some hundred thousand colored people who have lost their all must live on rations.

In Richland Parish the cattle and hogs are reported to be dying in large numbers. They are unable to get anything to eat, and they die from starvation and from the effects of bites by the gnats. Fires are built to run the gnats away. In their efforts to get in the smoke the cattle in a few minutes trample the fires out.

A Memphis dispatch says: The flood has broken nearly all the railroad connections with Memphis. Passengers on boats give unfavorable accounts of the levees. A gentleman who made the trip from New Orleans says that at Torrene the river is 100 miles wide. Fully fifty negroes have lost their lives at Riverton, and the people there give five mules for a skiff. Back of Riverton there is a single acre of unflooded land literally covered with snakes. One old colored man is the sole human inhabitant thereof. In many places starving cattle fight like cannibals and are feeding on each other. A negro living near Island No. 98 killed a deer that had swam three miles, and took it to Memphis where he sold the meat. A desperate fight ensued between the negro and his cattle for the possession of the deer, he having finally to throw them parts of the animal to keep them off. The people all along the banks of the river have cut away their floors from the sides of their houses, so that the floors will float on top of the water. As yet no estimate of the loss can be made.

General Beckwith, of the commissary department, has received the following from Captain J. S. Loud, at Memphis: "I found Pemiscot county, Mo., in a distressing condition, being almost entirely submerged, and about 1,200 people entirely destitute. The supplies sent to Gayoso are being carefully distributed. More should be sent there. The people will be in just as bad a condition when the water goes down. The government, to prevent starvation, should care for them at least until May 1. About fifty people are destitute at Hathaway, Tenn., 150 at Tiptonville, 200 at Hale's Point, Tenn., 150 at Hayfield Point, and 1,500 in the vicinity of Osceola, Ark., are destitute and badly in want."

THE JEANNETTE'S COMMANDER.

The Search for Lieutenant De Long and His Men.

The United States secretary of the navy has received an official report from Engineer Melville of the Jeannette, dated Yakutsk, January 6, and containing a narrative of his adventures and his search for Lieutenant De Long since the dispersion of the Jeannette's boats on the night of September 12, 1881. At that time the three boats containing the crew of the abandoned ship were only fifty miles northeast of Bonkin, their destination. A gale arose, blowing from the northeast, and the boats were separated. The story of Melville's landing on September 19, and his search for De Long and his party, has been told at different times in the newspapers, and so the report does not contain a great deal that is new. He transmits various records left by Lieutenant De Long in huts at places where he and his party stopped in their search for a settlement. From these records he is able to trace the course of Lieutenant De Long up to October 9. A letter was found in a hut near the mouth of the Lena, where Lieutenant De Long landed on September 19. Various articles left by the missing party were found in the hut, including cast-off clothing, two broken rifles, a box of specimens from Bennett Island, two cook stoves, four log books, and other things. The letter is signed by Lieutenant De Long and the thirteen other members of the party, and is copied in six languages, with a request that the finder will forward it to the secretary of the navy at Washington. After speaking of the separation of the boats on the night of September 12, Lieutenant De Long says:

"My boat made the land on the morning of the 16th instant, and I suppose we are at the Lena delta. I have had no chance to get sight for position since I left Simonatki Island. After trying for two days to get in shore without grounding, or to reach one of the river mouths, I abandoned my boat and waded 15½ miles, carrying our provisions and outfit with us. We must now try, with God's help, to walk to a settlement, which I believe to be about five miles distant. We are all well; have four days' provisions, arms and ammunition, and are carrying with us only ship's book and papers, and blankets, tents and some medicines; therefore our chance of getting through seems good."

A second letter was found in a hut on the Lena delta, twelve miles from the head of the delta, by a Yakut hunter. It was dated September 26, and recorded the arrival of Lieutenant DeLong and his party there and their departure for the southward. Another record left by Lieutenant DeLong was subsequently found by a Yakut hunter in a hut on the Lena delta, and dated September 52. A request, copied in six languages, that it be forwarded to Washington, was found with it. In this letter Lieutenant De Long says:

"My boat, having weathered the gale, made the land on the morning of the 16th instant, and after trying to get in shore for two days, and being prevented by shoal water, we abandoned the boat and waded to the beach, carrying our arms, provisions and records, at a point about twelve miles to the north and east of this place. We had all suffered somewhat from cold, wet and exposure, and three of our men were badly lamed; but having only four days' provisions left, reduced rations, we were forced to proceed to the southward. On Monday, September 19, we left a pile of our effects near the beach, erecting a long pole where will be found everything valuable, chronometer, ship's log books for two years, tent, etc., which we were absolutely unable to carry. In took us forty-e ght hours to make these twelve miles, owing to our disabled men, and those two huts seemed to me a good place to stop while I pushed forward with the surgeon and Nindemann to get relief for you. But last night we shot two reindeer, which gives us abundance of food for the present, and we have seen so many more that anxiety for the future is relieved. As soon as our three sick men can walk we intend to resume our march for a settlement on the Lena river.

"SATURDAY, September 24, 8 A.M.—Our three lame men being now able to walk, we are about to resume our journey with two days' rations deer meat and two days' rations pemmican and three pounds tea."

The latest record found was dated October 1. A Yakut hunter discovered it in a hut on the Lena. At this time all of Lieutenant De Long's party were yet alive. They had two days' supply of provisions, but had no fear of the future, as they had all along been able to get game. Erickson's toes had been amputated in consequence of frost bite. The party was about to cross to the west side of the Lena. From the two men sent ahead by Lieutenant De Long on October 9 Melville learned something of the wanderings of the lost men subsequent to October 1. They crossed the Lena to the west bank at a summer hunting lodge called Usterda. Erickson was carried in an improvised bed drawn by his comrades. They proceeded south slowly for two days, and crossed a small branch of the Lena, which they had to wade. On October 6 they stopped at a small hut, where Erickson died the next day, and was buried in the Lena. By this time they were in a deplorable condition, having eaten their last allowance of dog meat, and being on an allowance of three ounces of alcohol per man per day.

They pushed south until October 9, when Lieutenant De Long decided to send two men ahead to seek relief. The feet of Ninderman and Noros were better than those of the others, and they were supplied with their blankets and Remington rifles, forty rounds of ammunition and six ounces of alcohol, which was a portion of the whole stock of the latter. They were ordered to proceed south on the west bank of the Lena, and to send relief if found, being told that the others would follow their footsteps. When the two men started the party was at a halt on the north bank of a large western branch of the Lena. The two men ascended that branch about five miles to make a crossing, and then traveled east to a hut situated on the Lena bank. After fourteen days of intense suffering and slow progress they reached Belcour and were found by three natives, who supplied them with food and transported them to Belun and when the animal saw the corpse of a negro by deer sleds, arriving at that place on September 27.

Melville visited the place where De Long crossed the Lena in November. His party suffering greatly, and got back to Bellema on November 27 in a nearly exhausted condition. Concerning the further search for Lieutenant De Long, Melville says:

"From my knowledge of the country, and from the evidence of Noros and Ninderman, I am convinced that Lieutenant De Long and party are somewhere to the westward of the Lena, and between Sixteeneck and Belcour, which are separated by an extent of about 150 versts of barren and desolate region devoid of subsistance. To reach that region a large force will be required, with proper authority from the Russian official. I therefore came to this place to communicate with the United States, and immediately, with the aid of the authorities, to organize searching parties. In the meantime the commandant of Belun is searching with all the force his small town affords. The governor of this province has sent a general order throughout the entire region from the Lena to Kolyma, to search for and render assistance to both parties that are missing. I am now completing my arrangements, and will start north in a few days."

Curious Civilization in Africa.

The large island of New Britain, lying midway between New Ireland and New Guinea, has not hitherto borne any enviable reputation. Traders have been afraid to have any dealings with the natives, who, when they had no strangers to molest, were always engaged in fierce inter-tribal warfare, apparently merely for the love of fighting. The Rev. George Brown, a missionary who has recently returned to Melbourne, reports that matters have much improved during the last few years, the various tribes having been brought into friendly relationship with each other, and a vigorous trade having sprung up with the outer world. The most curious fact in connection with the island is that the natives have a currency of their own, and their language comprises words signifying lending, borrowing, and paying interest. The "bank rate" of interest is ten per cent., and borrowers are so scrupulous in the matter of meeting their liabilities that they never have to be asked a second time to repay an overdue loan.

Creamy Gold.

According to the statistics of the Northwestern Dairymen's association there are 12,442,137 cows in the United States, which yield their owners an annual profit of $35. Strange as it may seem, says one writer, the poultry interests of the country, and the poultry and dairy, which go together generally, though separated in this figuring, is greater than the beef trade. By reference to the figures of the New York produce exchange it will be found, and may astonish some, that six thousand barrels of eggs are sold there every week, which, at $12 per barrel, makes a total of $72,000, or for the year in one city, $3,744,000 paid for eggs alone. Then think of the chickens, the turkeys, the geese and other fowls sold there, and the eggs and fowl sold in Chicago and throughout the country. This, however, is nothing compared to the dairy interest since the creamery and co-operative system has been introduced, and which is now in vogue everywhere in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin.

Pointed V-shaped waistcoats appear on imported costumes. The point of the V is at or near the waist line.

Decided steps ought to be taken to cure a Cold or Cough at once. We should recommend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. This valuable medicine is indorsed by the physicians, and you can rely on its doing the work every time.

An Ex-Consul's Story.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement, and, if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person seeking such reference. Deferring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me, C. M. FARMER,

1690 Third avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaciated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making.

"'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you.'

"'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.'

"'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease—rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.'

"'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for more than a year, and after failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared to me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow and I am her only child.

"There was a pathos in this speech which effected me profo